

Américas

How campus life looks to
**A BRAZILIAN
IN DIXIE**

ISLAND ADVENTURE
at the mouth of the Amazon

AT BEST AN ECHO
Soul-searching of a translator

There's lively theater at
**CURTAIN TIME
IN CHILE**

**MEXICAN SHRIMP
BOOM**

*One of the broad-beamed
keelless canoes that ply
the waters around
Marajó Island
(see page 9)*

25
cents





Américas

Volume 4, Number 9

September 1952

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Dear Reader

In many ways America today is still the new world; or rather, it is a little-known old world. We often see press accounts of geographical discoveries—the highest waterfall, the headwaters of a great river—that would be incredible or impossible if they referred to Europe. Even Asia's hinterland has been more thoroughly scoured, despite its inaccessible mountain and desert areas. Africa itself, still the mysterious continent, has been more completely investigated than parts of South America.

But geography is no longer just a set of data on the world's physical features. As with most of the sciences, this one is more than ever at the service of mankind and infringes on other social sciences that formerly considered geography a mere working tool. Geographical studies in America, especially Latin America, are now experiencing a phase of vigorous evolution as intense as that of the fabulous period of the discovery. In fact, we are now living through a re-discovery of America.

The OAS has for some time taken a hand in geography. The Pan American Institute of Geography and History—one of its specialized organizations—has three commissions, devoted to geography, history, and cartography, respectively. Its technical work is well known to the hemisphere's specialists, whom it serves as a clearing house. The Pan American Union in Washington was recently host to the Third Pan American Consultation on Geography, in which sixteen American republics and Canada took part. The number of participants (including observers from other international agencies) totaled 160. Brazil alone sent nineteen delegates, a mark of its special interest in geographical research, which means so much to that nation's progress.

The Institute naturally pays particular attention to the study of essential natural resources, which in Latin America's case is a vital activity. As indicated by the new form of its departments, however, the commission on geography has many other interests: in the field of physical geography and biogeography, it studies natural resources and climatology; in that of human geography, colonization and population; in regional geography, land-use classification and urban geography; while in the field of education it covers the exchange of experts and publications, preparation of the *Geography of the Americas*, and dissemination of geographic information.

The Institute is also to have charge of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council's technical assistance project for a Training Center for Evaluation of Natural Resources, with the aim of preparing Latin American specialists for a serious study of the resources of their countries. So far, this task has only been undertaken by foreign experts, against almost unsurmountable odds in the lack of local personnel trained to evaluate natural resources. Moreover, many an economic development program of the various governments has gone on the rocks for lack of exact estimates of the quality and quantity of natural resources. The Institute will therefore render a very fine service to the governments and peoples through the projected Center.

Muntley
Secretary General

Opposite: Still-life, 1945. Gouache by Amelia Peláez, included in current exhibit at the Pan American Union of the works of "Seven Cuban Painters"

CONTRIBUTORS



One of Brazil's foremost men of letters, ALCEU AMOROSO LIMA, Director of the PAU Department of Cultural Affairs, gives us his impressions of Southern U.S. college campuses as "A Brazilian in Dixie." Writer, philosopher, sociologist, and literary critic, Dr. Amoroso Lima was born in Rio in 1893. He attended the law school there, receiving a degree in juridical and social science. Then followed a visit to France and studies at the Sorbonne aimed at a career in diplomacy. Author of over forty books on literature, sociology, economics, labor problems, philosophy, and esthetics, he has contributed to many of his country's outstanding newspapers and magazines. A noted linguist and an eminent Catholic layman, Dr. Amoroso Lima is a member of the Brazilian Academy of Letters.



That JOSÉ NUCETE SARDI is more concerned with the history of culture than with the history of battles shows up in "I Remember Mérida," a sensitive appreciation of the city and province in the West of his native Venezuela. Dr. Nucete Sardi is an outstanding journalist, educator, and diplomat. He has been his country's Director of Culture and Fine Arts in the Ministry of Education, and a professor of the history of art and culture at the School of Plastic Arts in Caracas. He is also a member of the Venezuelan Academy of History.



AMERICAS Associate Editor ARMANDO DE SÁ PIRES of Brazil, who wrote (in English) "At Best An Echo," got his start translating when he worked for Indústrias Químicas Brasileiras Duperial, S.A. (Dupont) in Rio. There he had to convert lengthy Brazilian labor and maritime laws into English. But translation comes to him naturally. It runs in his family; his grandfather's hobby was turning Longfellow into Portuguese. An accomplished linguist, Mr. Pires was born in Belo Horizonte and educated in law at Rio's University of Brazil. In 1941 he came to the United States on an English scholarship and liked the country so much he has lived in it off and on since. A one-time staff member of the Portuguese language edition of the *Reader's*

Digest in New York City, he works cross-word puzzles and teaches languages in his spare time.

In spite of being a critic, Chilean RICARDO A. LATCHAM, author of "Curtain Time in Chile," is nevertheless known for his geniality. Author of several volumes of criticism and other works, he is primarily a teacher. Since 1931, he has been professor of literature at the University of Chile. But he has also been active in politics. At one time, he was a member of Congress, and had the distinction of founding the Socialist Party in his native country. He has also been a director of the Socialist Youth Foundation, chief of the Socialist Union, and a member of the Radical-Socialist Party.



"Island Adventure" is simply one of many in the colorful life of SCOTT SEEGERS. For a man who has walked overland from Texas to Costa Rica, hunting Amazon crocodiles is something to be taken in stride. A free-lance writer and photographer, Mr. Seegers was born in Andalusia, Alabama. Since then, he has traveled so widely that few have seen as much of the Hemisphere as he. He is as likely to show up in Tijuana as Tierra del Fuego, and, chances are he'll do plenty of hunting along the way. Even at home in McLean, Virginia, he pursues it. His latest acquisition is a large hawk named Henry with whom he's learning falconry.

Following up his article "Bank of the World" (July 1950 AMERICAS) Associate Editor GEORGE C. COMPTON discusses this month the relations between "Latin America and the World Bank." A graduate of Princeton, where he was a track star, Mr. Compton has been deeply interested in Latin America since 1942, when he went to Chile on a Roosevelt Fellowship to study the labor movement. Six years ago he joined the PAU, where he was at first associated with the Division of Intellectual Cooperation, then with the Department of Cultural Affairs. In 1948, he went to Bogotá as a translator at the Ninth Inter-American Conference.

The comment on Oscar Castro's *Llampo de Sangre* in the book section this month comes from Chilean LILLIAN DE TACLE, who has just joined the staff of AMERICAS' Spanish edition. Brazilian ARMANDO CORREIA PACHECO tells us about one of his distinguished countrymen as seen by José Maria Bello in *Retrato de Machado de Assis*. Dr. Pacheco, who works in the PAU Division of Philosophy, Letters, and Sciences (he is chief of the Letters Section) edited a booklet containing excerpts from Machado de Assis that was published by the Pan American Union.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides AMERICAS, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization; and the quarterly *Panorama*, which republishes in full, in their original languages, outstanding articles from newspapers and magazines all over the Hemisphere.



University of North Carolina's tree-shaded campus at Chapel Hill, showing Graham Memorial, student union building, at left

A BRAZILIAN IN DIXIE

An outsider's view of campus life in Southern universities

Alceu Amoroso Lima

ONE OF THE NOTIONS we Latin Americans cling to about the United States is that this country has a purely technological civilization, whereas we represent the cultural side of the continent. As in all such generalizations, the idea is about two-thirds false. Because of our historical tradition and temperament we tend to set up a hierarchy of values in our minds, placing the cultural above the technological and governing our emotions accordingly. By the same token, it seems to us that North Americans reverse that position, placing technological above cultural values. That's how I would explain, for instance, the fact that the two greatest U.S. philosophers were pragmatists.

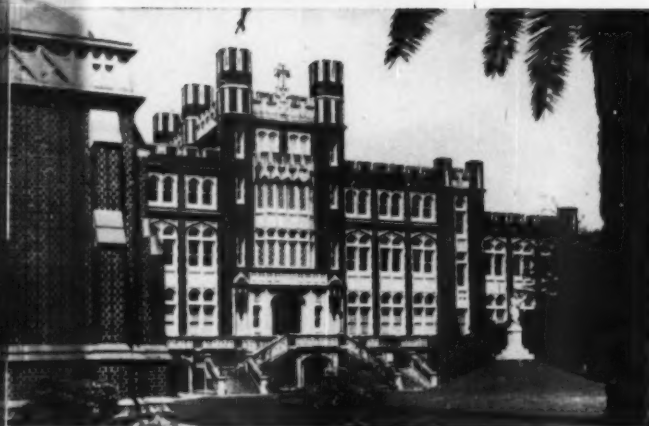
The one-third truth in our Latin American concept is so heavily counterbalanced that we should immediately recognize the presumptuousness of the idea that, despite our vast number of illiterates and our small number of

high schools and universities, we represent the cultural side of America. We judge culture to be qualitative rather than quantitative, so that by our standards an illiterate Indian can be more cultured than a Harvard scholar. But there is danger also in jumping to this conclusion. For the majority of the Indians are uncultured even in the qualitative sense of the word and the majority—or at least a substantial minority—of U.S. university people are cultured in the same sense. In any case, let's admit that if U.S. culture were as elementary as it looks from afar, the country would never have attained the universal prominence it has reached in this century.

I see the United States divided into three very different intellectual levels. At the bottom, a large mass of really "elementary" population, that is, with a purely superficial cultural polish, without spiritual subtlety, originality, or empiric wisdom of the kind that makes a cultured



Duke University's Gothic chapel on the outskirts of Durham, North Carolina



Marquette Hall on the campus of Loyola University of the South, which is a neighbor to Tulane



Imposing main building at the University of Texas, Austin

man of the illiterate. Opposite this elementary mass with only grammar school education we find small, extremely refined intellectual groups—those who in the last century and beginning of this one emigrated to Europe because they couldn't stand the mediocrity of the predominant puritanic, conservative, conformist, bourgeois environment. Among such highbrows, for instance, we find the great authors who turned the modern U.S. novel into a rival of the most intellectually sophisticated French or British novel—the F. Scott Fitzgeralds, the Thomas Wolfes, the Hemingways, and so on. On this level of intellectual elite we also find the most advanced literary reviews, the most sophisticated poets. Magazines like the *Partisan Review*, *Kenyon Review*, *Hudson Review*, *Integrity*; poets like Robert Frost and Ezra Pound.

In between there's something called the university world. It doesn't include the geniuses. Nor the ignorant. Nor the non-conformist elite. Nor the Rotarians. University people take cultural life seriously, dedicate themselves to their respective fields, sacrifice the extent and sometimes the quality of their knowledge to the depth of their analyses. They are men and women who cultivate intellectual honesty; who are not proud of their specializations, but rather regret them. And yet they do well what they have to do. They are not content with polish, with just the ornaments of the mind. They dig deep into things. And they display touching humility in regard to other people's specialties. These are the engineers, lawyers, professors, doctors, executives, businessmen, skilled workers, journalists, specialized white collar workers. I call them university people, for they actually have a degree and have gone beyond the elementary education of the mass, even if they lack the exceptional qualities of the geniuses.

With this university middle class, in my opinion, lies the secret of United States cultural might, which may eventually control the danger of excessive material power in the hands of a people as yet ill-prepared to handle it. For precisely this reason, I have always wanted to establish closer contact with U.S. university circles in general and their Latin American studies departments in particular. These departments, whether ambitious or modestly limited to one course in Spanish or Latin American history, now add up to 800—a figure big enough to reveal their importance and the part they can play in the continent's future.

I wanted a close look at some of these universities, not merely going through the buildings or attending a few classes as I had done at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia. To start with, I picked some of the Southern and Southeastern schools. My choice was determined by two considerations: first, the Southern universities are geographically close to the Rio Grande, Latin America's natural boundary; second, one of the most characteristic social phenomena of the United States in the mid-twentieth century is the resurgence of the South, just as Southern decadence was typical a hundred years ago.

I started with the oldest state university in the country, the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. It was

founded toward the end of the eighteenth century by North Carolinians who, since early colonial times, had been struggling in vain to get the British Crown to establish a university there. Once independence was won, the first preoccupation of these persistent men was to give the South what the North already had. After much discussion as to where the university should be located, they decided on the woods. So it was the trees that led those founding fathers to build the first U.S. state university away from any city. The reason is obvious and still valid. (It's interesting to note that although it had colleges scattered over the country, Brazil—unlike the United States and Spanish America—never had a university until thirty years ago because arguments over the location postponed it for a whole century after independence.)

The smaller the town of its location, the greater the flavor of the university. In the United States towns may be integrated into the university proper, as with Princeton and Pennsylvania State College, or the university may be "attached" to the city, as Harvard to Boston and Yale to New Haven. Then there are the universities dominated by the big city, like Columbia in New York and Georgetown in Washington, D.C. When the university is strong, like Harvard or Yale, it acts as a magnet in relation to the neighboring town, which is influenced by its prestige and its ways. What would become of Boston, for instance, if Harvard, M.I.T., or Boston University were removed?

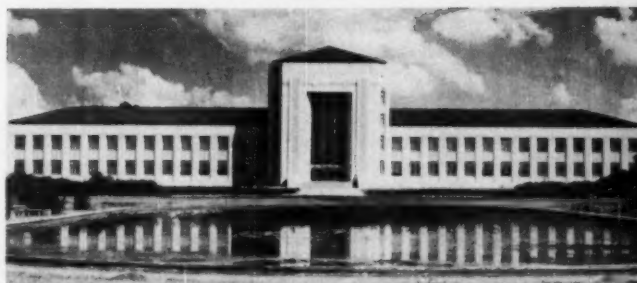
The fascination of the university town—the real university town, like Oxford and Salamanca—is that its whole life is centered around the school. This is what lends so much charm to Chapel Hill. Often the alumni come back to end their days where their eyes were opened to intellectual life. Thus I met there an alumnus in his eighties who had been at Chapel Hill as a student when the university celebrated its hundredth anniversary in the 1890's—and came back when it celebrated its 150th year. We can, therefore, already speak of a university tradition in this country. To university people, the years spent on the campus are the best years of their lives, and thus alumni become almost as important as women's clubs in this matriarchal country par excellence.

Professor Sturgis E. Leavitt, whose home is buried amid the trees, heads North Carolina's Institute of Latin American Studies and teaches Spanish. Harold A. Bierck teaches Latin American history. He showed me some documents from his file written by Civil War immigrants in Brazil, when the South was sinking into "low and ignominious sadness," as Camões said of the Portuguese. In one, the author salutes the Erazilian Imperial flag, under which he was "much freer than under the iron fist of the tyrant who runs our country now." The tyrant was Lincoln and the tyranny, the abolition of slavery.

The flavor of university life at Chapel Hill was a happy beginning for my tour of twenty universities. I strolled around the North Carolina campus among trees that were there a century before the university was

(Continued on page 29)

Language-study laboratory at Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge



Oil magnate gave University of Houston \$5,000,000 Cullen Building, named for his grandfather who introduced first Texas education bill



Jeffersonian-style Auditorium of Duke Woman's College, which was founded in 1930, six years after the men's school



Author (right), who directs PAU Cultural Affairs Department, with one of professor "types" he so much admires, Dr. John Tate Lanning





Bank headquarters are in this handsome building in Washington, D.C.

LATIN AMERICA AND THE WORLD BANK

George C. Compton

WHEN BRAZILIAN FINANCE MINISTER Horacio Lafer calls to order the seventh annual meeting of the International Bank in Mexico City on September 3, it will be its first session held outside Europe or the bank's home base in Washington, D.C. By convening in the Mexican capital, the fifty-one nation Board of Governors will underline Latin America's role in the world institution and call attention to what the bank is doing for economic progress in the Americas. Its ultimate goal, of course, is to be a bridge between the private investor and any foreign country, where capital will help develop a working economic order to insure world peace.

The annual policy-making meeting, of which Dr. Lafer is this year's chairman, is held jointly with the bank's sister organization, the International Monetary Fund. It affords a rare opportunity for economic leaders from all over the globe to get together, since many of the Governors are their countries' finance ministers, central bank administrators, or outstanding economists. Under such circumstances, cloak-room conferences may prove

more important to the world than the routine work of the meeting. Meanwhile, the bank's operations must go on. During one annual meeting in Paris, two loans were granted with cabled approval, and last year, while the Governors conferred at Washington's Shoreham Hotel, a new bond issue was sold. (Many of the bank's loanable funds have come from bond issues, since the proportion of members' paid-in subscriptions available



Brazilian Finance Minister Horacio Lafer (right) talks over the forthcoming annual meeting of the International Bank with U.S. Treasury Secretary John W. Snyder

for lending is restricted. Part of the bank's function is to channel private funds lent to it into worthwhile projects that could not obtain the money elsewhere—provided the government or central bank of the recipient member country guarantees repayment.)

Just as in other parts of the earth, the impact of this unique inter-governmental lending agency's operations is evident up and down the Hemisphere—not merely in financial statements but in physical achievements. In northern Brazil, the huge São Francisco River is being harnessed to provide electric power for a new industrial area carved out of the wilderness. The new lake at the bank-financed hydroelectric plant at Manizales, Colombia, has become a popular recreation center featuring such novel pastimes for that mountain-studded region as water skiing. Power plants are nearing completion in Chile, El Salvador, and Mexico. Modern tractors are helping Chilean, Colombian, and Nicaraguan farmers grow more food. World bank loans, of course, are not solely responsible for these changes. A large part of the cost has been met with local funds; the bank usually limits its contribution to foreign exchange for essential imports. Some of the jobs might have been done without this financial buttress, but only at the expense of other urgent investments. Even more than specific projects it is helping to finance, the bank stresses overall programs tailored to the countries' needs, resources, and abilities.

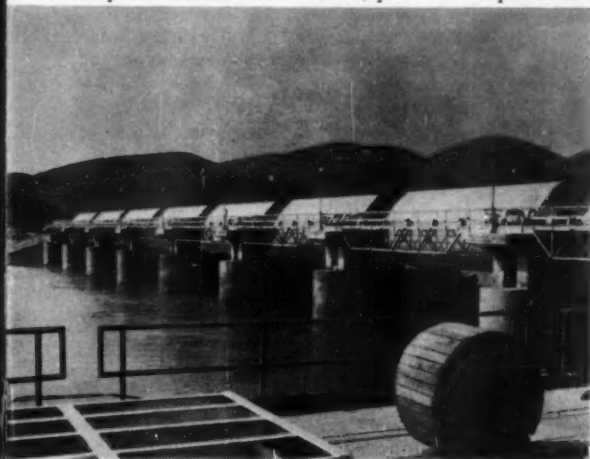
Before June 1950, loans funneled to Latin American members totaled \$183,675,000—for electric power and telephone installation in Brazil, power development and

building equipment. A year ago the country had 540 miles of all-weather roads, of which only 140 miles were paved. New routes were critically needed to improve connections between production, consumption, and export centers and to open unused lands for cultivation. The present program calls for 162 miles of new asphalt roads in three-and-a-half years. The most important artery will link Managua, the capital, and León, the nation's second city, serving underdeveloped agricultural land that could produce more with mechanization. This will be possible when agricultural machinery becomes available under another loan, of \$1,200,000, to the National Bank. The third loan, \$550,000, is for construction of the country's first adequate grain drying and storage plant, to be operated by the Government in Managua. Nicaragua's main food crops, corn and beans, do not cure well in the damp, tropical climate, and losses to mold and insects run between twenty and thirty per cent.

In Paraguay, the Servicio Técnico Interamericano de Cooperación Agrícola, the cooperative service established jointly by the Government and the U.S. Institute of Inter-American Affairs, helped draw up a plan for boosting agricultural production, toward which the bank has advanced \$5,000,000. With sixty per cent of the working population engaged in agriculture, stock raising, and lumbering, the country is basically a raw-materials exporter. Farm production, however, has been hindered by limited credit facilities, poor transportation, and outmoded methods. Under the loan, farm tools, wire, insecticides, veterinary supplies, and fertilizers will be supplied for sale to individual farmers or farm colonies, while two strategically placed pools will supply equipment for clearing and cultivating land, and for spraying, dusting, harvesting, and drying crops. Road-building equipment will go to improve transportation between agricultural areas and marketing centers. To avoid crop spoilage on the way to market, trucks operated by the Bank of Paraguay will replace oxcarts on long hauls.

Chile, which is pressed by food shortages, borrowed \$1,300,000 for a pilot project to try to tap underground water and bring new acreage into cultivation in the arid North. The experiment will start by drilling for a dependable water supply for the 50,600 acres of cultivable land in the Elqui River Valley. If this proves successful, other underground sources along the rivers stemming from the Andean snow fields may be tried.

Undue port delays cost several American countries millions of dollars a year in higher shipping rates. Although Callao, Peru, has had modern docks and warehouses, it has lacked proper facilities for moving general cargo or bulk grain off the docks. Unloading an 8,000-ton grain cargo, for example, formerly took eight to ten days, with some waste in the process. So much time was lost in the harbor that the European, South Pacific, and Magellan Shipping Conference slapped a twenty-five per cent surcharge on all rates from Europe to Callao. An International Bank loan of \$2,500,000 will buy modern equipment for handling and stacking general cargo and for unloading and storing grain in elevators at the rate of four hundred tons an hour. As a result of the loan,



Rio and São Paulo will benefit from loan that built the Santa Cecilia Dam and Pumping Station, diverting flow of river

agricultural machinery in Chile, agricultural machinery in Colombia, and electric power in El Salvador and Mexico (see "Bank of the World," July 1950 AMERICAS). Since then and up to July 1 of this year, it has lent an additional \$164,280,000 in eight Central and South American countries.

Thanks to three of these loans, agricultural Nicaragua should be able to better its export position. The largest, \$3,500,000 to the Nicaraguan Government, is for road-

grain unloadings will be completed in one or two days, additional dock space will be made available for other ships, and the whole operation will be speeded up under a new professional port administrator.

Electric power is a prerequisite for industrial growth and for raising farm output and living standards; fast, reliable transportation must link producers and consumers, workers and raw materials, or new industries cannot live. Quite naturally, these two fields of investment have accounted for the bank's fattest loans to Latin America.

Three totaling \$52,500,000 went to Brazil. One, for \$15,000,000, came as a second installment on a previous \$75,000,000 credit to the Brazilian Traction, Light & Power Company for expanding electric power and telephone facilities in the São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro regions. Mushrooming industrial growth made even larger power demands. Rio, which had been borrowing from São Paulo over connecting transmission lines, will now raise its output to ease the São Paulo peak load. One of the world's most remarkable engineering feats, the Paraíba-Pirai Diversion, was completed under the original expansion plan: it raises westbound Paraíba River waters that formerly wandered to the River Plate a hundred feet to clear an escarpment, then hurls them a thousand feet onto enormous turbines, and channels them eastward to the Atlantic.

Another \$25,000,000 went to the State Electrical Energy Commission of Rio Grande do Sul, an important agricultural and cattle-raising region with considerable industrial potentialities. But the state has been so short of power that it had to be rationed, and many manufacturing plants had to generate their own. The loan will help finance an \$80,000,000 second stage in an expansion program already well under way, more than doubling present capacity by 1960.

The third loan, \$12,500,000 to the Brazilian Government, is for badly needed improvements to the government-owned Central Railroad of Brazil, which connects Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, Belo Horizonte, and the big steel plant at Volta Redonda. Proceeds will go for new equipment to meet immediate carrying capacity needs and for rehabilitating the track.

Colombia has received three loans for hydroelectric power development and one for road building and repair. Three fast-growing cities that have been plagued by lack of capacity to serve new customers and their surrounding areas will benefit from the power loans. Two million six hundred thousand dollars was earmarked to complete the La Insula works, seven miles from Manizales. To meet foreign exchange costs in construction of a 24,000-kilowatt plant thirty miles from Cali to serve that city and the Cauca Valley—a region with noteworthy possibilities for further agricultural and industrial development—\$3,530,000 was advanced. Another \$2,400,000 will help build a plant on the Lebrija River near Bucaramanga in the Andes, the center of a rapidly expanding tobacco industry. Many new homes there have been unable to obtain electricity since January 1950, but the work under way, scheduled for completion in the spring

of 1953, will quadruple the supply and allow for growing demand. In all of these cases, development is carried out by a special corporation with stock wholly owned by the Colombian Government, the department in which the project is located, and the municipalities concerned.

Colombia's \$16,500,000 highway loan will furnish equipment and engineering skill for rehabilitating 1,703 miles of badly deteriorated main arteries that have been inadequately maintained and washed out by unusually heavy rains in the last few years. In addition, ninety-six miles of new roads will web with existing routes. One is a link between Cali and Palmira, another closes a gap on the Medellín-Cartagena route. Strategically located repair shops will keep the highways shipshape. Highway communication is particularly important to Colombia, for the rugged terrain limits the capacity of the railroads, and the usefulness of the Magdalena River, which serves only part of the country, varies with the seasonal flow.

To Uruguay, the bank granted \$33,000,000 for a general expansion of power and telephone facilities to meet swollen demands that couldn't be handled during the war years because of materials shortages. Small power plants in the interior will be connected with the Montevideo-Rincón del Bonete system, new generating equipment will add 50,000 kilowatts to Montevideo plant capacity, and 28,000 new telephones are being installed.

Mexican industry and agriculture will profit from a loan of \$29,700,000 to the Federal Electricity Commission and the Nacional Financiera, the Government's official financing agency, for seven electric power projects in widely separated areas. This follows earlier loans totaling \$60,100,000 to the Electricity Commission and a private power company. Biggest of the new plants—biggest, in fact, in the country—will be the 150,000 kilowatt hydroelectric station at Tingambato as part of the Miguel Alemán System, which supplies some of the capital's power. Another hydroelectric plant will go up at El Cobano to serve a fast-growing industrial area in Michoacán State. It will make use of waterworks already serving irrigation needs. At Monterrey, the second most important industrial city, and Veracruz, the chief seaport, steam electric stations will relieve the pressure on generating capacity. A small plant in La Paz, Lower California, will help open up a new agricultural area by providing power for irrigation pumps and processing equipment. Hemp bagasse, formerly considered waste, will be used to fuel an electric station at the hemp center of Motul, Yucatan. Another project involves extending the distribution system in the agricultural and fishing state of Sonora.

While most of the International Bank's loans have been designed for large-scale plans sponsored or carried out directly by a national government, a different scheme was tried in October 1950 when the bank channeled \$10,000,000 for financing small enterprises through a combination of eight Mexican commercial banks and the Nacional Financiera. Subsequently, more private capital became accessible in Mexico without all the com-

(Continued on page 42)



Standard mounts for Marajó islanders are oxen, especially during rainy season. Note stirrups, just big enough for two strong toes

island adventure

Hunting crocodiles in the wilds of Brazil

Scott Seegers

MARAJÓ ISLAND, a vast, flat, alluvial obstruction almost choking the mouth of the Amazon, probably retains more of its primitive integrity than any place on earth so exposed to external influences of the twentieth century. Part of the island can be seen on a clear day from Belém, the important seaport on the south bank of the river. But only a few of the city people ever see more of it than the low silhouette on the horizon. Ships bound to and from Europe skirt its shores for a full day without giving voyagers a glimpse of anything but the interminable forest crowding the water's edge. Several airliners a day drone above the monotonous landscape while the passengers, winging toward the cosmopolitan glitter of Rio, Buenos Aires, or New York, look down and wonder in idle boredom that anything can be so green, so endless, and so waterlogged.

The tensions and anxieties we have contrived for

ourselves in the name of civilization seethe without effect round the stark and untroubled simplicity of Marajó's unchanging feudalism. On this island, bigger than Denmark, there are no roads and no automobiles. In Soure, the chief port, and the only settlement that could be called a town, emergency communication with the outside is provided by a wireless station and a landing field for light planes.

A slow steamer makes the round trip from Belém to Soure once a week, usually crowded with week-ending fugitives from the mainland's punishing heat. All other transportation is by the heavily built, round-bottomed, keelless Amazon sailing craft known locally as *canoas*.

The outer world ends at Soure. From the little harbor a complex of twisting, jungle-walled watercourses called *igarapés* reach almost every part of the island. These flow six hours one way, then reverse direction for the

next six hours, obeying the ebb and flow of the tide. Some of the igarapés are thus influenced along their entire length, so that wherever one wants to go, it is downhill all the way there and back. If the tide changes en route, one simply drops anchor for six hours.

The western half of the island is a foul and fearsome tangle of mangrove swamp, heat, fever, insects, snakes, *jacarés* (a cayman differing slightly from both alligator and crocodile, but often called the latter), jaguars, sloths, anteaters, iguanas, and myriad other forest creatures, as well as an amazing number and variety of birds.

The seaward end of Marajó is swept by a constant breeze that tempers the furious sun and keeps the area virtually free of malaria. Eastward, where it juts into the Atlantic, the island rises to a saucerlike rim of higher land, reaching the modest altitude of twenty-five feet above sea level. Along and within this rim are the limitless green prairies where some half a million cattle roam and multiply, despite the ravages of jaguars and crocodiles. Virtually all the useful land, and much of the useless, is owned by a dozen families, more or less, who live in Belém, travel widely, and visit the island once or twice a year. Marajó beef feeds Belém, a city of 230,000. It also provisions ships ascending the Amazon and coastwise vessels putting in at Belém.

The island's chief inhabitant is the *marajoara* cowboy, a dauntless, powerful, good-natured amphibious being with boundless loyalty toward the ranch where he was born and toward his absent boss. He is literally a sailor on horseback, equally at home on the small, tough island horse, on a ponderous saddle ox, or in the fidgety little dugout canoe that is as standard on Marajó as a street-car in Cleveland. His life is one of primitive conditions, seasonal hard work, seasonal laziness, and celebrations for any event, any time. He eats a lot of meat and fish, drinks a good deal of milk, and has teeth that will grind the flinty particles of *farofa*, the dried manioc root that takes the place of bread in the Amazon Valley. He is a healthy, contented being who produces well for his boss at very little cost. When he can no longer produce, he is cared for exactly as though he were still at work, surrounded by his sons and grandsons in utter security and with no more and no less comfort than he ever had.

It is a social and economic set-up that tempts the beholder to raise the cry of feudalism, paternalism, and exploitation. Feudal and paternal it certainly is, to the obvious satisfaction of both ranch owner and men. It is a little harder to pin down the charge of exploitation. The *marajoara* cowboy is poor in material things, his boss is usually rich. But the cowboy is a self-respecting man held in no bond of real or fictitious debt. He goes as he will, usually with his boss' help, to get a job on the mainland. Almost invariably he returns after a month or a year or five years to the ranch, as sure of his job as though he had never left. I observed on Marajó evidence of a deep and spontaneous personal affection between the owner and his men that I have never seen approached in any rural property in Spanish America or in the United States.

Probably the charge of exploitation has its strongest

point in the almost complete lack of schools and health services in the interior of the island. One rancher complained to me of the impossibility of getting a school teacher to live on the island through a school year. But Dona Rita Bezerra, the spry and forthright old lady who owns the big ranch Ritlandia, picked a bright girl born on the place, had her educated and trained on the mainland, and brought her back to teach. Dona Rita herself also shares the job of teaching the ranch hands' children.

It was not the cattle or the economics but the crocodiles that brought me to Marajó. I had heard that the cowboys traditionally lasso them by the thousands in the shallow pools left in the pastures as the dry season advances, a spectacle I was sure would make a good picture story for one of the big magazines. One editor was interested. "Get us some good action pictures in color, with a great big alligator, and we can use the story," he said unequivocally.

It all seemed so simple as we sat in the panelled office discussing the details. On the map Marajó was separated from Belém only by the thinnest of blue channels, which worked out on the scale to about twenty miles. Just go to Belém, I thought, hop a boat for Marajó, ask around for a likely, alligator-ridden ranch, get my pictures, and come back.

But when I got to Belém, I found that no one knew anything about the island except in the most general terms. "Vampire bats," they warned. "Huge water boas—*jacarés*—bloodthirsty piranha fish—poisonous snakes." A man sent me to a friend, who sent me to another. "You should go and see the Lobatos, or the Bezerras," he said. "They own big ranches and they can make it easy for you to get *jacarés*."

Dom Francisco Lobato, a small, meticulous gentleman, listened courteously as I struggled in fragmentary Portuguese to explain my mission. He smiled slightly. "I think we can spare a few *jacarés*," he said. "It will be better if you go over with me in about three weeks."

It was a month before I could return to Belém, and Dom Francisco had gone. A servant in the house told me that he was at Alegre Ranch, near Soure. I purchased the hammock necessary to Amazon hinterland travel and set out to book passage to the island. The steamer had just completed a trip and would not make another for a week. Perhaps at the fishermen's dock I could find a canoa for Soure, the ticket clerk suggested. The square, granite-walled anchorage was thronged with the brightly painted, broad-beamed Amazon fishing and freighting craft, whose masts and rigging made a restless filigree against the sky.

The skipper of the *Santa Clara*, a canoa about forty feet long, agreed to deliver me to Soure for ten cruzeiros, about fifty cents U.S. We would sail the next afternoon and arrive in Soure around eight the following morning.

When I embarked, I was so busy snapping pictures of the teeming life aboard and on neighboring vessels that I paid no attention to the captain's frequent advice to hunt a place below decks "before the weather gets bad." The weather was fine, and the space below was



Belém, the important seaport for Amazon River trade, is jumping-off place for Marajó



Waterfront at Soure, chief city and port of Marajó Island, explored by author Seegers



Fazenda Alegre is one of several owned by the Lobatos, one of Marajó's feudal families



At Don Rita Bezerra's ranch, Ritlandia, school is run by specially trained teacher



Marajó makes for ripe old age. Mr. Paixão (Mr. Passion) is 104, his wife, 93



One of island's food specialties is the pirarucu, a fish of the Lower Amazon

close and hot, jammed indiscriminately with passengers and cargo. I stayed on deck until sunset, watching the sailing craft tack back and forth across the broad, shining Amazon and the dark skyline of Marajó advance and recede as we beat to windward down the river.

A few minutes before dark the wind rose. A low murmur came from seaward, audible over the wind keening in the rigging. The *Santa Clara* began to roll. The nearest craft, a two-masted schooner, disappeared suddenly, blanked out by a grey wall that reached from water to sky. By the last light I saw the surface of the river a hundred yards away dimple suddenly into what looked like a sheet of beaten copper. The murmur increased to a roar, and the opaque grey wall slanted upon us. The equatorial rain squall collided with us with the violence of a solid. In the instant between recognition and collision, I thrust my camera into its fiber case, slammed the lid, and grabbed the rigging to brace myself. The heavy boat staggered in its easy movement as the roaring thing enveloped us in sound and water. Water streamed from the rigging, cascaded down the sail, and pounded on the broad deck with specific, searching fury dismaying to one accustomed to the impersonal rains of the temperate zones. Forward, I could not see beyond the mast, a bare three feet before

me. Three or four feet aft, the roof of the deck house vanished in the murk.

After the first impact, I tapped at the wooden panel in the forward end of the deckhouse. The panel slid open a couple of inches and an eye imbedded in wrinkles peered out. "I want to come below," I yelled over the elemental pandemonium. The panel slid open a trifle more. "There's no place left," my contact with the dry world yelled back. I bent down and looked in. The cabin was packed to the roof with steaming humanity, resting on the sacks of cargo. There was not a cubic foot of unoccupied space. "You see? I'm sorry." The panel slid shut.

Darkness was sudden and complete. The wind increased. The boat snouted her way through the waves, wallowing as she went. Alone in the black, wet universe I huddled on the forward edge of the deckhouse, staring at nothing. Once in a long, long while from the cockpit would come the sound of lines running through blocks. The long boom would creak in its ponderous trajectory over my head as the boat went about on the other tack.

Sometime in the night a real storm struck us with no more warning than the sudden howl of wind in the rigging. The boat lay far over. I slid to leeward, grabbing for a hold and clutching my camera case between

my knees. With agonizing slowness, the boat righted herself. The sail was dropped and the anchor heaved overboard. She rolled worse, the mast flailing wildly at the night, the lee rail going far under water at the end of each arc. I never dreamed that any craft could roll so far under and recover.

The screaming wind snatched the tops off the waves and flung them stinging in my face. I slithered about, the camera case wearing blisters on the insides of my knees. I do not know how many hours the *Santa Clara* lay at anchor, pitching, rolling, bucking like a tethered stallion. However, after a minor eternity the anchor was hauled aboard, the sail hoisted, and we got under way again. One arm around the camera case, I lay down across the foredeck, my feet braced in the scuppers, and slept.

It was dawn when I awakened stiff, sore, and wet. The *Santa Clara* was gliding gently with the current. Half a mile away the red tile roofs of Soure lined the high bank, and above them the dark green mango trees stood against a brilliant blue sky. Camera and film supplies were dry, protected by the stout case.

Ashore, I sought directions to Alegre Ranch. About three hours by dugout canoe, they told me. For fifteen cruzeiros two canoemen agreed to take me to Alegre. Loading me and my gear into a tiny, shallow dugout, they struck off at a brisk pace into the twisting water-course.

After a while we approached a clearing and a modest dock jutting from the bank. Fifty yards back a rambling unpainted wooden structure with a roof of corrugated iron rose high on stilts above the soggy ground. To the right stood corrals and sheds. This was Alegre Ranch, my trail's end. Or so I thought.

Dom Francisco was at Pacoval, one of his other properties. Here I came face to face with one of Marajó's starkest realities. I had no letter from Dom Francisco to his foreman at Alegre. Without that letter instructing the foreman to extend the facilities of the place in specific detail, the visitor on Marajó can count on getting absolutely nothing, not a bite to eat nor shelter for the night. It is not lack of hospitality, it is simply local custom, inviolate as the tides in the river. To my great good luck, Dom Francisco's wife was at Alegre and knew that I was expected.

After dinner that night I hung my hammock in the shed with the ranch hands and went to sleep as island songs and guitars echoed softly in the buildings. Next morning Dom Francisco's wife set me on my way on horseback accompanied by an ancient monosyllabic cowboy obviously scornful of a foreigner who needed stirrups instead of hooking two bare brown toes into a small brass ring as the *marajoaras* do. The track wandered across the green savanna, and our horses' hooves squished in peaceful cadence. A low, dark mass appeared at a distance. "Buffalo," said my guide, pointing. We rode closer. "This herd is tame," said my guide. "But don't go too close." These strange, twice-transplanted Old World beasts are the Asiatic carabao, or water buffalo. Brown in color, short-legged, with massive,

nearly cylindrical bodies, they are tremendously powerful and faster on their feet than they look to be. Cropping the long, lush grass, they looked as inoffensive as so many Guernseys. I went a little closer. Unobtrusively, my guide interposed his horse between mine and the herd. A big bull on the edge of the herd raised his head and stared. Two crescent horns, each perhaps two feet long, etched their cruelly pointed silhouettes against the sky. There was no longer any resemblance to a Guernsey. "Take your picture from here," the guide suggested. I snapped a hasty shot and we continued.

Nobody knows how many years or even centuries back the forebears of the Marajó buffalo left Asia. Seventy or eighty years ago José Vicente Chermont de Miranda, a wealthy man from Belém with ranches on Marajó, saw the buffalo sloshing belly-deep in the famed Pontine Marshes of Rome. In what must have been an epic of transportation, he brought nine cows and three bulls from Italy to Marajó, where he turned them loose in the Mondongos, a great marshy depression in the center of the island. The Ganges, the Tiber, and the Amazon were all one to the buffalo. They multiplied until today nearly every ranch has a small herd of them, and uncounted hundreds still range wild in the Mondongos. In the wild state they are terribly dangerous. With incredible valor and foolhardiness the ranchers hunt them for sport, on horseback during the dry season, from tiny dugouts during high water.

The sun was high and hot before we had gone far on the way to Pacoval. My bulky camera case, never designed for the saddle, gradually transformed itself into an inert but malignant entity that defied all attempts to carry it comfortably. At long intervals we came to a fence straggling across the prairies. Between each pair of gateposts lurked a puddle of opaque tan water that was invariably up to the horse's back. The standard minor agonies of unaccustomed horseback travel were nicely augmented by the alternately soaked and steaming saddle. Ten hours of this reduced me to a mindless lump, with faculties mercifully dulled beyond feeling the full measure of my body's misery. At this point my guide twisted the knife in my wound. "Maybe someday you would like a ranch on Marajó?" he queried with quiet malice. Somehow I rallied. "Maybe," I said faintly. "It's very beautiful." He gave me a big surprised smile, reined his horse alongside mine. "Here, let me take that," he said, plucking my camera case from deadened fingers. "It's a hard trip when one is not used to the saddle. But we're almost there now."

Pacoval was a nondescript cluster of weatherbeaten sheds and lean-tos straggling through a grove of coconut palms that adorned a slight rise of firm ground. Dom Francisco was not there. He was at Laranjeiras, another ranch, but was expected at Pacoval tomorrow. Meantime, by the authority of a letter from his wife, I was looked after assiduously. Following a simple meal of beef and farofa, the men hung my hammock from the low rafters of the combination kitchen-mess hall and I retired to instant unconsciousness.

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best an echo

Soul-searching of a translator

Armando S. Pires

How DO YOU SAY *Weltschmerz* in English? What's the French expression that corresponds to "racketeer"? Have the Brazilians invented a word for "bulldozer" or do they still use the English?

Translators all over the world face questions like these every day as they struggle to make a foreign language text understandable to those of their countrymen who are less linguistically endowed. Translators are necessary, and nobody knows why. For although philologists have theories to explain the extraordinary diversity of languages in the world, there is no certain scientific explanation of why human beings got themselves into such a linguistic mess over the centuries.

The very word "translator" provides a clue to the complexity of the problem. It stems from the Latin noun *translator*—literally, "a transfer-er." In Latin "to translate" was either *vertere*, *reddere*, or *interpretari*. Romance languages added to the confusion by ignoring these terms and adopting instead derivatives of the Latin *traductio* (*traducción* in Spanish, *traduction* in French, *tradução* in Portuguese), meaning "the act or effect of leading on" or, again, "a transferring."

Whatever the language, then, it is a translator's job to "transfer" something from one idiom to another. This requires, of course, a thorough knowledge of both tongues, or you may find some rather odd results. Once

someone entrusted with translating a U.S. novel into Portuguese for Brazilian consumption was unfamiliar with a certain English expression. For "there was little room for doubt," the Portuguese version said "there was a little room for doubts." Like an attic, perhaps, where you might discard any old doubts you had no further use for.

Again, during the early part of World War II, a certain Brazilian weekly that, in its eagerness to prove its neutrality, was publishing war pictures from both British and German sources, once offered its readers an impressive spread on the bombing of Coventry. Under one of the pictures—all from a German source—a caption explained to the reader that this was "a bird's-eye view of the city of Bombenangriff." Somebody forgot to tell the translator that *Bombenangriff* is German for "bombing."

Expert translators, like good writers, have their own styles and preferences. A top-notch translator of technical books may be totally unable to put a foreign novel into the vernacular. Just as you cannot expect any one person to write intelligently on everything from butterflies to phonographs, a translator cannot be as proficient on some subjects as on others.

George Borrow, the English poet, once said that translations are "at best an echo," which, of course,



is true with very few exceptions. Even the best-equipped and best-intentioned translator cannot in most cases convey to his readers the melody, the rhythm, the harmony of the original writing unless he happens to be perfectly attuned to the author's sensibilities and extraordinarily well acquainted with the author's background. These are conditions not easily come by.

Reference to well-intentioned translators brings us to the question of intellectual integrity which, of course, is vital in translation work. The temptations that beset a translator are manifold. He may find himself in the position, for example, of having to transfer to his own language a highly technical or formal text, in which some of the wording may not be too clear; in a moment of weakness he may easily persuade himself that short cuts are permissible, with the result that the finished product will not be a completely faithful transcription. There have even been cases of conscious—though not necessarily malicious—tampering with texts when the translator happens to disagree with the author, cases in which the average reader is, of course, at the translator's mercy. The consequences can be very serious indeed, especially because it can go undetected for a long time. One can only hope that most professional translators do not yield to such temptations.

The U.S. Department of State's Division of Language Services—entrusted with translating treaties, exchanges of letters between governments, and official documents of all kinds—fully realizes the seriousness of the translator's work. Its instructions to translators offer the following advice:

"It is suggested that before beginning your translation, you read the original text carefully. Your finished translation should be: (1) *Complete*, in that the whole thought of the original text must be expressed. (2) *Accurate*, in that the meaning and spirit of the original is correctly expressed. (3) *Grammatical*. (4) *Idiomatic*, in that the language is appropriate to the subject matter and the finished translation reads as smoothly as an original writing. In translating from English into another language, translate into the language which is popularly understood, but avoid vulgarisms. . . ."

Another directive explains: "Indirect quotation can be avoided in most cases. Instead of saying: 'The writer says that he was born in 1897,' the translator need only say: 'The writer was born in 1897.'" One wonders what a State Department-trained translator would do with that delightful first sentence in G. K. Chesterton's autobiography:

"Bowing down in blind credulity, as is my custom, before mere authority and the tradition of the elders, superstitiously swallowing a story I could not test at the time by experiment or private judgment, I am firmly of the opinion that I was born on the 29th of May, 1874, on Campden Hill, Kensington; and baptized according to the formularies of the Church of England in the little church of St. George opposite the large Waterworks Tower that dominated that ridge."

Another fascinating item in the Department's instructions says that "in case a letter addressed to the President contains threatening or abusive language, it is to be translated in full and called immediately to the attention of the Section Chief." One has visions of a naïve young translator blushing as he—or she—comes upon a particularly nasty letter to the President from, say, some Turkish agitator. Let us suppose that the original text contained a slang expression which, while common in some of the shadier districts of Istanbul, could not be properly translated into English except by using a vulgarity found in the shadier districts of New York. The incident might have interesting repercussions, particularly if it became known to a certain music critic.

Contrary to what some people—even editors—think, not everything is translatable. Language, after all, is one manifestation of a nation's culture; like all such manifestations, it is based on years, even centuries, of growth, of tradition, of customs, not all of which can be understood or appreciated elsewhere. If there is no exact translation for "privacy" in Portuguese, it must be because the concept itself is lacking in Portuguese-speaking countries, or is at least less important than in English-language nations. Also, sometimes foreign words are imported intact rather than translated, as with the French term *blasé*, probably used all over the world.

The fact that certain things cannot be said in a different language seems well established even among people who are neither professional translators nor concerned with the problem at all. A Brazilian song writer of enormous popularity, the late Noel Rosa, once wrote a charming song called *Não tem tradução* ("Untranslatable"). The words, which decry the snobbish habit of sticking French or English expressions into the conversation, go like this:

*Essa gente hoje em dia
Que tem a mania
De exibição
Não se lembra que o samba
Não tem tradução
No idioma francês . . .
. . . As rimas do samba
Não são "I love you,"
E esse negócio de Alô,
Alô boy, alô Johnny,
Só pode ser conversa
De telefone!*

Or, trying to translate what is "untranslatable":

These people nowadays
Who have a mania
For showing off
Forget that the samba
Is not translatable
Into the French language . . .

... In the samba "I love you"
Does not rhyme,
And this business of Hello,
Hello, boy, Hello, Johnny,
Should be saved
For the telephone!

(Note the English expression "I love you" is not translated in the original.)

What is a translator to do when he comes upon something "untranslatable"? He can do one of a number of things: (1) try to translate the phrase, or expression, literally, then explain, in parentheses or in a footnote, the actual meaning; (2) leave a blank space and insert, also parenthetically, a note to the effect that "here is something untranslatable"; (3) include the expression, or phrase, or whatever, in the original, and follow it with an approximate translation; (4) put on his hat and tender his resignation.

Language presupposes a background, partly universal, partly local, and the latter often remains the inviolable property of its place of birth. But sometimes a perfectly good story of quite universal content cannot be successfully translated because its author relied heavily upon dialect or picturesque speech for its effectiveness. An example is the work of Portugal's Aquilino Ribeiro, a fine writer of regional short stories, whose tales are often hard for even Portuguese-speaking people to understand. In the United States, Arthur Kober's Bronx-dialect yarns would probably be harder to translate than almost anything else.

Dialogue in novels and plays, a real test of skill for the writer, is trying indeed for the translator. Dialogue, of course, must be colloquial; colloquialisms are nearly always impossible to translate literally, and it is no easy job to avoid vulgarity in trying to adapt them to another language. Thus a hillbilly joke that depends on the quaintness of hillbilly speech can be a miserable flop in another language. Like the samba singer, I find particularly annoying the device some writers turn to in trying to impart local color: inserting foreign words and phrases in dialogue. A Mexican who knows English will hardly sprinkle his conversation with *pues*, *sí*, *señor*, and *muchas gracias*, as these writers would have us believe; the same fictional Mexicans are apt to show a surprising familiarity with scholarly English words but a remarkable reluctance to learn the simplest phrases ("No, *señor*, I do not believe in Kierkegaard's theory; I rather lean toward Sartre, *señor*. Oh, *señora*, that wine is exquisite, *muchas gracias*.")

Now that jet planes make it possible to cross oceans in a matter of hours, a Frenchman can dine in Paris one day and breakfast in New York the following morning. But unless he happens to know the language, it will be as hard for him to order breakfast in English as it was for his great-grandfather who made the crossing in three weeks. Geographically, our technical age makes it easier for us to get together, but once we are together we're still faced with a barrier quite as disconcerting as distance itself. Regrettably, instead of a growing internationalism in human relations, specific types of

nationalism keep cropping up in unexpected places. For example, up to the nineteenth century everyone who had anything to do with music took it for granted that Italian should be used for all musical notations: hence words like *allegro*, *pizzicato*, *adagio*, *obbligato*, and so on, became truly universal. Then the nationalistic tendency took over, and composers began to use their own language; Schumann wrote in *schnell* for *allegro*, *langsam* for *adagio*. Today many composers never use the traditional Italian wording at all. To carry out the composer's intention faithfully a musician must sometimes struggle with words in a foreign language—Portuguese, in the case of Brazil's Heitor Villa-Lobos, for example.

Those who favor the adoption of a universal auxiliary language are fighting hard for it (see "Modern Babel," May 1950, *AMERICAS*), but they still have a long way to go. Meanwhile, translators have become more important than ever, for both written and spoken communication. It is estimated that there are over a thousand languages in the world. Philologists have even discovered that a certain group in Luzon speaks "a corrupt Ibanag," to quote the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. There is, then, a language called "Ibanag," capable of corruption. As a matter of fact, "corruption" is one of the translator's worst headaches. Word meanings change from place to place and from time to time so that a term which years ago was perfectly innocent today is not used in polite society.

Uma rua chamada Desejo

A Streetcar Named Desire

Un tranvía llamada Deseo

Now that Spanish has become perhaps second only to English as the most widely used language from a practical point of view, translators from and into that language are having an increasingly tough time of it. A word that is innocuous in Spain may provoke blushes in Venezuela. I personally will never forget the time I was invited to dinner in a Cuban home and made what I thought was an innocent remark about one of the delicacies served. I was sure I had used a perfectly good Spanish word, so why did the ladies giggle? Not until much later did I find that the word in question, though acceptable elsewhere, was taboo in Cuba.

What does it take to translate successfully? Obviously, it is not merely a question of being able to read and understand a foreign language. You must have a thorough knowledge of the culture in which the author was reared and the language in which he wrote; you

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Experimental troupe plugs Chilean dramatists, here stages Bunster's pirate play, *Isla de los Bucaneros*

Teatro Experimental pioneered new movement to stimulate Chileans' interest in good theater



Top-flight Chilean director Agustín Siré won kudos for directing Arthur Miller's moving tragedy, *Death of A Salesman*

CURTAIN TIME IN

Ricardo A. Latcham

THE INITIAL PERFORMANCE took place before a full house at the Empire Theater in downtown Santiago on a Sunday morning in 1941. Many in the audience were university students, who had come to see their classmates in a farce by Miguel de Cervantes called *La Guardia Cuidadosa* (The Careful Guard) and Ramón del Valle Inclán's comic *Ligazón* (Bond). To the people backstage this June 22 was a red-letter day, for the Teatro Experimental—the first serious attempt to give Chile a vigorous national theater—was making its debut.

The Teatro was a modest effort that had been launched at the University of Chile only four months earlier. Its prospects for the future were not very promising, considering the lethargy of a public schooled in mediocre acting, the opposition of rival companies, the lack of facilities for training actors, directors, and technicians, the difficulty of searching out new talent and launching it in this insecure field. But by sheer faith and determination its small group of hard-working backers made it a milestone in the nation's artistic evolution, comparable to the achievements of European and U.S. groups that used their skills during crucial periods to overcome

the apathy of the people and develop their taste for good theater.

Not that Chile had never had the makings of a national theater. Many nineteenth- and twentieth-century writers were lured into the field of drama by the possibility of fame and financial rewards. But before 1941 there was no real dramatic revival.

The Teatro Experimental has been a happy episode in the past decade of Chilean intellectual life. Its directors have selected works they think the Chilean public should become familiar with, productions generally scorned by the commercial companies. Slowly a public saturated with frivolity and accustomed to the easy success of light or sensational plays has been trained to expect more from the theater. Besides encouraging the production of Chilean works, the Teatro has presented many ancient and modern plays by foreign dramatists that, because of their difficulty or cost, were beyond the reach or ambitions of other troupes. In preparing its performances it has taken special pains with everything from the acting and interpretation to scenery and technical arrangements. Through its dramatic school it has taught

students the latest theatrical techniques and is creating dramatic groups in all the nation's major cities so these students will have ample opportunity to use their training.

From the start, it was evident that the public welcomed the Teatro's pioneering spirit. Dramatic production won an established place at the University largely because the movement's leaders were students or instructors there. But this doesn't mean that the Teatro Experimental was founded simply as a student project, with the amateurishness that usually implies.

The earliest manifestations of the younger generation's interest in the theater were simple shows given in different departments of the University. In 1934 an energetic young student, Pedro de la Barra, organized the Dramatic Art Center of the University's Instituto Pedagógico. Seven years later, during the daily gatherings of students from the Instituto, the Law School, and the School of Fine Arts at a book fair in Santiago, the idea for the Teatro Experimental was born to fill a gap in university life and, consequently, in the intellectual and artistic atmosphere of the entire country. In March 1941 the movement begun in the classrooms gathered momentum, and the scattered efforts to form a sound national theater were unified.

There is not space here to detail all the productions staged by this enterprising troupe, but we should mention some of the outstanding successes. A few weeks after the Teatro's debut came a second performance

embracing three short plays by Spanish dramatists, two of them classics. All proved so popular that they were repeated the following year. In 1943 the company spotlighted forgotten gems of our national literature with the first performance of the poetic drama *Elsa Margarita*, by Zlatko Brncic, a graduate of the Instituto Pedagógico, and a one-act play by Enrique Bunster, *Un Velero Sale del Puerto* (A Sailboat Leaves the Harbor), both top rank. Pedro de la Barra demonstrated his superb talent for directing in 1944 with the absorbing and zealous production of *Otra Vez el Diablo* (The Devil Again)—a horror story by the Spaniard Alejandro Casona—and in Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Further strides were made with the skillful staging in 1945 of Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize-winning *Our Town*, which was later repeated for much larger audiences in the Municipal Theater.

By 1946 the Teatro Experimental's reputation was firmly established, but it had still not overcome all the stumbling blocks. The next year J. B. Priestley's *They Came to a City* heightened the cast's prestige, although it caused considerable controversy as it was not acceptable to the more conservative sectors of the public. Next the Teatro took a look at the old national repertoire and dusted off a clever comedy of manners with delightful dialogue, *Como en Santiago* (As in Santiago), by the prolific novelist and dramatist Daniel Barros Grez. This author, though extremely popular in his own day (1834 to 1904), had been forgotten by the newer generations.

CHILE



Left: Pantomime Theater was launched last year by a company drawn largely from the national ballet

Below: Teatro Experimental opened 1952 season with Mrs. Warren's Profession, by G. B. Shaw



Left: Alejandro Jodorowsky, director of Pantomime Theater, in *El Joven Suicida* (The Young Suicide)

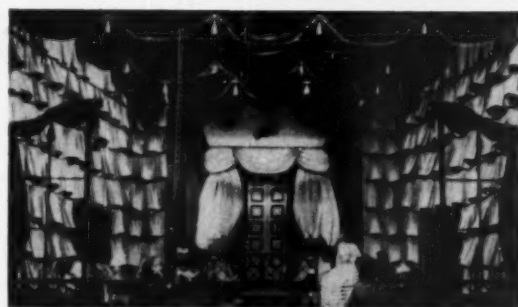
His farces and serial stories were weapons of sarcastic criticism and political propaganda against the prejudices of a prudish society. Modern audiences warmly received the ingenuous story of *Como en Santiago*, and its revival heralded the production of other old Chilean plays lying buried in libraries. Among the five works performed in 1948 were the bold and intensely dramatic *Morir por Catalina* (To Die for Catharine), an original piece by Chilean Santiago del Campo; Kaufman and Hart's "You Can't Take It with You; and Jean Anouilh's tragedy, *Antigone*. In 1949 J. B. Priestley's symbolic comedy, *An Inspector Calls*, directed by Jorge Lillo, scored one of the biggest hits in the memory of *santiaguinos*. Another smash hit, *La Celestina* (The Procureess), by Fernando de Rojas, rounded out that year's lively season. Adeptly rearranged and shortened by the Spanish director José Ricardo Morales Malva, it confirmed the progress made by the university players, who combined delightful interpretation with good staging and excellent costumes and sets to faithfully reconstruct the Spanish medieval environment.

The Frenchman Emmanuel Robles' politically slanted drama *Montserrat*, in a translation by the Chilean critic Renato Valenzuela, was performed in 1950 under the direction of Pedro Orthous. A starkly realistic work of the contemporary theater, Arthur Miller's intense *Death of a Salesman*, was also presented in Spanish. As on previous occasions the expert direction of Agustín Siré, one of the most extraordinary artists to emerge from the Teatro troupe, won wide acclaim from both public and critics.

The local contribution for 1950 was *La Isla de los Bucaneros* (Buccaneers' Island), by Chile's Enrique Bunster. The next year the Teatro took another long step toward technical perfection in presenting *Corruption in the Palace of Justice*, a powerful drama of social protest from the pen of a member of the "new realism" group in Italy, Ugo Betti. There were also fresh performances of *Our Town* and *Como en Santiago*, in which the husband and wife team, Roberto Parada and María Maluenda, won accolades. More attention was given to the contemporary U.S. theater with the staging of Robert Sherwood's *The Petrified Forest*, directed by Agustín Siré, and the public welcomed *Viento de Proa*, by the Teatro's original director, actor and author Pedro de la Barra, which opened at the Watergate Theater in London on July 4, 1950, under the title of *Headwind*. The Teatro production of Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession* ushered in the 1952 season.

In a little over ten years, the Teatro Experimental has attained top billing in Santiago and other Chilean cities. After giving new life to our stage and forming a demanding university audience, the troupe set out to win spectators among workmen and white-collar employees. Recently it has made several tours to the Chilean North and to the South, and hopes to further extend its influence if its financial situation improves. Only a shortage of funds prevented the company from playing in Guatemala at the invitation of the Congress of Universities in 1949.

Etienne Frois of France
directed Paul Claudel
tragedy produced by
Chile's Teatro de Ensayo.



Teatro de Ensayo's elaborate setting for a play by Balzac



In 1951 Teatro Experimental
stressed contemporary works
by staging Robert Sherwood's
The Petrified Forest



Scene from El Viejo y la Muerte
(*The Old Man and Death*),
produced by the
Pantomime Theater

By arrangement with the Ministry of Education the Teatro Experimental gives regular performances for university students, and has also created a system of circulating dramatic groups that tour the various departments and institutes of the University of Chile. With equal enthusiasm it has sponsored experimental theaters in Antofagasta, Rancagua, San Fernando, Chillán, and Concepción.

Since the artists had to concern themselves not only with rehearsals and performances but with advertising, selling tickets, cleaning up the theater, arranging scenery, and so on, a theatrical school became imperative shortly after the new movement got under way. Free courses were begun in 1945 and were reorganized the following year when Agustín Siré returned with new ideas from the United States, England, and France. During the first of their three years at the school all students get the same basic instruction, but beginning with the second year they start concentrating on their chosen field—acting, directing, costume and set designing, lighting, and so on. The teachers are people of recognized professional standing who have had specialized study abroad.

Every year some of the Teatro's actors and directors leave for foreign countries. Quite a number sign contracts with BBC of London. Roberto Parada, María Maluenda, Domingo Tessier, Bélgica Castro, Agustín Siré, Kerry Keller, Pedro de la Barra, and Fanny Fischer have already completed stints with that company. Others, including Domingo Piga and Emilio Martínez, have won scholarships in France, Great Britain, Italy, and the United States.

Aware that lack of incentive was one of the reasons why professional writers abandoned the theater in Chile, the Teatro Experimental organized in 1945 an annual contest for theatrical works. The prize, which is awarded at a public function, totals twenty thousand pesos (about \$150 U.S.). Only works previously unpublished or never presented "by any of the technical means known at present" and that have not won prizes in previous contests can compete. The Teatro has the privilege of performing and publishing the prize-winning work, but the author retains the legal rights. The names of the three judges are kept secret until after the decision is made. Prizewinners have been Bunster's *La Isla de los Bucaneros*; *Fuga* (Flight), by Juan Tejeda; *El Hombre que Regresó* (The Man Who Returned), by Santiago del Campo; *Las Medea*s and *Las Murallas de Jericó* (The Walls of Jericho), by Fernando Cuadra; *Mi Divina Libertad*, by Gabriel Carvajal; and *El Invitado Viene de Lejos* (The Guest Comes from Afar), by Hernán Millas. With the exception of Enrique Bunster and Santiago del Campo, whose works were already familiar to theatergoers, these playwrights were real discoveries.

For financial reasons the publishing activities of the Teatro Experimental have so far been limited to several issues of its review *Teatro*, which presents in each number an unpublished theatrical work or one unknown in Spanish. Those chosen so far have included Bunster's *La Isla de los Bucaneros*; Gaston Baty's *Dulcinea*, trans-

lated by Emilio Martínez and Agustín Siré; and Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, put into Spanish by César Cecchi.

The Teatro Experimental also gives information and technical advice to the influential review *Pro Arte*, and has prepared many articles on the theater for publication in Chile and abroad. It sponsors lectures and discussions for students and the general public, and prepares brief critical and explanatory notes for the performances. A puppet section, which functions intermittently, has put on a number of productions for schools and labor groups.

Unfortunately, the financial support from the Ministry of Education, the University of Chile, and the municipality of Santiago does no more than meet a small part of the expense of staging a few of the works presented each year. With box office receipts and annual contributions from members, it is possible to pay the regular actors small salaries. But to assure the continuance of its work the Teatro must get all its personnel on a full professional basis and acquire its own, adequately equipped theater.

Other Chilean troupes are now helping the Teatro Experimental carry the ball. During its brief existence the Catholic University's Teatro de Ensayo, for example, has carried on similar promising activities. Pedro Mortheiru, who studied in Europe and has visited professional and student theaters in the United States, is the director of this group, which also runs a dramatic school offering a two-year course.

In 1951 the Teatro de Ensayo staged Maxwell Anderson's *Joan of Lorraine* under the expert direction of Germán Bécquer. Next it produced Jean Anouilh's *Invitation au Château*, with technical help from the French stage manager Etienne Frois. The public found *Shadow and Substance*, by Paul Vincent Carroll, with Bécquer directing, slightly disconcerting—some critics felt that Carroll did not succeed in making his characters real and that his plot had too many entanglements. Considerable interest was aroused by two one-act plays the group produced under the direction of Dittborn by the French authors Henri Ghéon and Jean Giraudoux. In 1950 Giraudoux' *The Madwoman of Chaillot* was produced under the careful supervision of Etienne Frois.

The Teatro de Ensayo has made good use of its modest resources and has discovered actors with real talent, such as Justo Ugarte, Eugenio Dittborn, and Jorge Alvarez, and actresses like Inés Moreno, Miriam Thorud, and Anita González (known to radio fans as La Desideria in the satirical program, "The Chilean Family"). It also turned up a young Chilean playwright named Camilo Pérez de Arce, who had been writing rather good detective stories. His interpretations in *El Cid* were too glib and an excess of detail made the going difficult, but he is a vigorous writer and his intellectual honesty will probably continue to attract the attention of public and critics.

Nor have the new trends in Chilean theater been restricted to the universities. The Compañía Nacional de Comedias, under the leadership of Alejandro Flores (who won the National Art Prize in 1946), plays at the Empire

(Continued on page 41)



I remember Mérida

Nostalgic Venezuelan recalls
provincial capital in the Andes
where he was born

José Nucete Sardi

ANCIENT MÉRIDA, city of learning and legend, of conquistadors and revolutionaries, hugs the feet of the Sierra Nevada in the highlands of Western Venezuela virtually ignored by those latter-day conquerors, the tourists. Its delightful climate and beautiful setting are enjoyed almost exclusively by the 15,000 people who call it home. To the rest of the Venezuelans it is known as the capital of Mérida State, as the seat of one of the oldest universities in the country, and is synonymous with the region they call "los Andes." Farmers patiently furrowing the misty valleys beneath protective mountain peaks with the help of meek and straining oxen; students poring all night over books—these are the earmarks of Mérida.

In the city's main plaza a typically Spanish cathedral lifts its harmonious towers. Behind it five snow-capped peaks soar to 16,000 feet, and in front of it Simón Bolívar rides a bronze horse, his cape flying in the wind.

The old square, once covered with trees, now boasts a modern English garden with neat beds of lilies (for which Mérida is famous), roses, gladioli, and forget-me-nots. The restored Florentine-style Archbishop's House is next to the Cathedral, and on the south side of the plaza the colonial flavor is preserved in the arches of the barracks, which today house the overflow of government workers from the Casa de Gobierno on the southwest corner. Opposite stands a university building with Old World cloisters recalling those of Salamanca or Santiago de Compostela, green and fragrant gardens, and broad corridors filled with hurrying students. The rest of the space around the plaza is taken up by shops and private homes—one or two stories high and somewhat modernized, but still retaining their flower-filled square patios and fountains.

All along the straight streets, formerly cobblestone but now mostly paved, stand simple but comfortable colonial-style dwellings of varying sizes. Every parish church faces its own small square. El Llano, Milla, Belén, and El Espejo send up their white towers like ancient prayers. Near Espejo Church is the cemetery, and the Chama River roars in the ravine below. The church of Santa Capilla has been converted into a hospital, run by the white-robed nuns of the Order of St. Rose of Lima.

South of the city the smooth plain known as the Llano Grande, crossed by the highway and the site of a new airport, gives Mérida room to expand. There modest dwellings and elaborate country villas stand on well-watered land rich in vegetation. Everywhere cows graze peacefully, and farmers walk beside burro teams laden with fruit from nearby haciendas.

The city was founded in 1558 by Juan Rodríguez Suárez, a native of Mérida, Spain—the name is a shortened and softened Arab version of the Roman "Emerita Augusta." Setting out from Pamplona for the high sierras, the brave captain founded the town on October 9 on the site now occupied by Lagunillas. A year later the founder's rival, Juan de Maldonado, moved the colony a little farther north, and its name was changed to Santiago de los Caballeros. Shortly after, it was moved again to the highest part of the plateau, 3,740 feet above sea level, and renamed Mérida, while the small village on the site of the second founding retained the name Santiago.

When he established the town, Rodríguez Suárez parceled out land and attracted Indian settlers. The Indians of the Venezuelan Andes were part of the vast aboriginal population centered on the plateau of Cundinamarca in New Granada. They believed in a superior being known as Chés, and worshipped the sun (Zuhé) and the moon (Chia), both creations of Chés. Their temples, filled with clay figures, were caves or thatched huts. Oil from cacao and the *incinillo* tree fed the three-legged lamps that illuminated these sanctuaries, and the same mixture was used to light their houses. Deerhorns were considered the best offering to Chés.

Cacao and corn were the principal foods. In addition to farming, the Indians busied themselves with spinning and weaving, pottery making, stone carving, carpentry,

and other rudimentary arts. They were also goldsmiths, and used to make gold models of the mountain eagle, which archeologists believe was a kind of totem.

At the sound of music these peoples danced and beat their bodies. Their music was sentimental and melancholy, according to Tulio Febres Cordero in his *Décadas de la Historia de Mérida*. Their instruments were the flageolet; the *guarura* (made from a shell), used in both battles and fiestas; drums; maracas; and a clay flute similar to that of the Quechuas. Anthropologist Julio C. Salas has discovered one of these flutes in the vicinity of the hamlet of Jaji.

Shortly before planting time, the Indians held agricultural-religious fiestas and performed mysterious ceremonies. Each tribe had its own dialect, but they were very similar, having all grown out of the same language. Like all the Indians of America, they painted their bodies with vegetable dyes, and when a man died, they placed his clothing and utensils, as well as several days' food supply, in his tomb.

Many of the old towns in the region owe their existence to Mérida's municipal government. Both Juan Andrés Varela, who founded Barinas on the plains, and Gonzalo de Peña Ludeña, who founded Pedraza on the edge of the plains and Gibraltar on Lake Maracaibo, had the help of arms and men from Mérida. Gibraltar later became a part of Zulia State, but Mérida State is still bathed by Maracaibo waters at the port of Palmarito.

The rivalry between Rodríguez Suárez and Juan de Maldonado did not die with them. Pedro García de Gaviña led his clan in following the distant plume of

The main plaza is named for Bolívar, who rides a horse in the square



Rodríguez Suárez, and Hernando de Cerrada and his family continued to represent Maldonado. The struggles between these two families recall the feuds of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance: they were colonial Mérida's Montagues and Capulets.

Mérida was under the Spanish magistrate of Tunja until 1607, when a royal decree restored its autonomy and gave it jurisdiction over La Grita, San Cristóbal, Barinas, Pedraza, and San Antonio de Gibraltar. In 1622 it won the status of a Captaincy General—a major subdivision of a vice royalty. For a time after the boundaries were extended to include Maracaibo, the lake city was the provincial capital.

In 1781, thirty years before the Declaration of Independence, Mérida turned its back on the Spanish authorities and took part in the revolutionary movement; by 1778 the spirit of rebellion had completely disrupted the tranquility of colonial days. Later re-taken by the Spaniards, Mérida waited for another chance, and on September 16, 1810, joined the revolution begun in Caracas on April 19. A proclamation issued at that time forbade "giving different treatment to Indians and Spaniards, since, by virtue of the Revolution, they had become equal before the law as citizens of the same province, without distinction or privileges."

The Mérida diocese, established in 1777, continued to grow until in the 1920's it became an archdiocese. There were occasional anticlerical uprisings, led by certain intellectuals, but it should not be forgotten that most of the Mérida clergy were on the side of those fighting for independence.

Both public and parochial education got an early start in the region, and the influence of the city's educational pioneers was felt over a wide area. In 1783 Canon Uzcátegui gave Mérida four thousand pesos out of his own pocket for a public school, and five years later he presented the city of Ejido with three thousand pesos for a school of arts and crafts. San Buenaventura Seminary, founded in 1785 by Bishop Juan Ramos de Lora, was converted into a university at the insistence of the 1810 revolutionaries.

Many Mérida citizens made vital contributions to winning independence. The First Republic—ephemeral but a straw in the wind—fell to the treacherous Monteverde, and the brave Francisco de Miranda saw his dream evaporate in a Cadiz prison. But in the West the struggle was taken up again with the Campaña Admirable. Simón Bolívar rode over the peaks, and his call was heard in three Andean towns. At San Antonio del Táchira—Venezuelan gateway for the new movement—he appealed to his compatriots. In the face of the strong royalist counterattack in Mérida, he announced that if he must be inexorable in order to win, he would be. Shortly thereafter in the proclamation of Trujillo, he proposed a fight to the death that was to materialize a few days later.

Canon Uzcátegui converted his hacienda into a foundry and melted church bells to give the revolutionaries sixteen cannons and hundreds of huge kettles for preparing meals in the field. Vicente Campo-Elías (Spanish-

born but a *merideño* at heart) placed the five hundred volunteers of the first Mérida army at the disposal of the Liberator. The title of Liberator was bestowed on Bolívar by Mérida, later confirmed by the Caracas council; and in Mérida the dawning republic acquired its first national property. María Simona Corredor, not satisfied with offering money, gave Bolívar her own house to sell and use the proceeds for military expenses. The courageous María de Jesús Navas, when her son was refused admittance to the army because an accident had made it impossible for him to carry a rifle, volunteered to march beside him, bearing his musket while the injured arm healed.

Most of the soldiers who fought in the Campaña Admirable fell, spreading blood and fame throughout



Typical man of Mérida, wrapped in his scarlet ruana

the high Sierra. Among those who gave their lives to win a free life for others were Campo-Elías, Rivas Dávila, Picón, Uzcátegui, Ruiz Valero, and Nucete. One who survived to hear the triumphant reveille of Carabobo was Antonio Rangel, a colonel with a doctorate who had been of enormous help to Páez in the campaign of the llanos by converting his mountaineers from Mucuchies into plainsmen. Among the dead were the Picón brothers. To their aristocratic father, Rodríguez Picón—a human arc between colony and republic—the Liberator directed one of the few verses he ever wrote:

*"Y tú, padre, que exhalas suspiros
al perder el objeto más tierno,
interrumpe tu llanto y recuerda
que el amor a la patria es primero . . ."*

*"And you, father, who sigh so deeply
At losing your dearest possessions,
Interrupt your weeping and remember
That love of the country comes first . . ."*

Antonio Febres Cordero included this verse in the Mérida State Hymn and wrote the other stanzas in the same rhythm and measure.

Venezuela's first civilian president, Cristóbal de Mendoza, was a former student and philosophy professor in Mérida classrooms and at one time governor of the state. A later Mérida governor, a wounded veteran of the Campaña Admirable named Gabriel Picón, ordered the erection of the first monument to Bolívar. In 1842, when people bearing grudges were still trying to detract from Bolívar's glory, the artist Pedro Celestino Guerra, grandson of Vicente Campo-Elías, built the monument out of mountain clay. It consists of a laurel-encircled Grecian column, topped by a bust of the Liberator, and is set against the foggy backdrop of the Sierra.

By the time the republic was safely secured, the second independent generation could devote its energies to rebuilding what had been lost in the struggle. The leaders of that era have still not been fully studied. They too were heroes.

The forced migrations during the campaigns and ties going back to colonial times brought a fusion between the plainsmen, especially those of Barinas and Guanare, and the mountain people in Mérida and other Andean states. The various highland Indians of Trujillo, Mérida, and Táchira began to intermingle. The Indians of Mucuchíes went down to fight under Dr. Rangel and help Páez win the victory of Carabobo. Previously, the plainsmen had followed Páez to the highlands to join Bolívar. (Still a captain at the time, Páez was imprisoned by the inflexible Governor Maldonado for being too lucky in dice games.)

When the city again fell into the hands of the royalists in 1817, Indians from all over the region helped Rafael Salas and Manuel Nucete defeat the king's troops and save the cause of independence. Our second major war, the Guerra Federal, which in a way supplemented the revolution, caused still more migrations that continued the process of grafting the Andes onto the plains.



The frailejón, cactus-like plant that grows high on the paramo

During that whole chaotic period Mérida never lost its intellectual stamp. In 1845 Francisco Uzcátegui—of the same family as the patriotic canon—set up the first printing press and published the first newspaper. Juan de Dios Picón, a brother of the heroes and himself a revolutionary leader, opened new vistas to the press, the printing industry, and culture in general. José Vicente Nucete, teacher and writer, founded *La Abeja* (The Bee), which was published from 1854 to 1856, and a number of other periodicals. *El Lápiz* (The Pencil), a tiny newspaper established and edited by Tulio Febres Cordero, was known for its skilled typography as well as its editorial content. Writer-poet Emilio Menotti Spósito, who died only recently, edited a publication called *Biblos*, offering excellent cultural and historical articles. *Biblos* once made a statistical study of journalism in the State of Mérida and reported that a total of eight hundred periodicals had been found there since 1845. All through the ups and downs of politics and war the university professors carried the benefits of education from the classrooms to the street. Besides promoting the sciences and liberal arts, they worked to develop the region's agriculture and industry.

Immigrants began to arrive, and the roster of Italian names grew so long that a visitor was apt to feel he was in some small city in Italy. The Spinettis, Dinis, Anselmis, Sardis, Parillis, Bertis, Pardis and many others did their part for Mérida's progress. France was represented by Liparelli, a liberal lawyer from Paris, and by that distant relative of Jules Verne, Pedro Henrique Jorge Burgoin, doctor, pharmacist, and botanist, Burgoin, whose loose-fitting sack and white beard made him look like Victor Hugo, was a wise and kindly professor at the university.

Another man of Mérida we will not forget is Rector Juan N. P. Monsant, theologian, playwright, and lawyer. When the rector's plays were once presented by an Italian comedy troupe, he paid tributes of love to the leading lady. . . . Nor will we soon forget Rector Parra-Picón, at once stern and kind, who made a name for himself in the science of Hippocrates. Or the energetic and learned lawyer and musician, Rector Gonzalo Bernal, who inherited his musical talents from his grandfather, José María Osorio. (In the long ago days of the nine-

(Continued on page 47)



Sunken gardens, tiled porticos, and colonnaded patios are everywhere in this colonial city



Pink gold. From Mexico's Gulf and Pacific waters, fishermen bring up forty-six million tons of shrimp annually

MEXICAN

SHRIMP

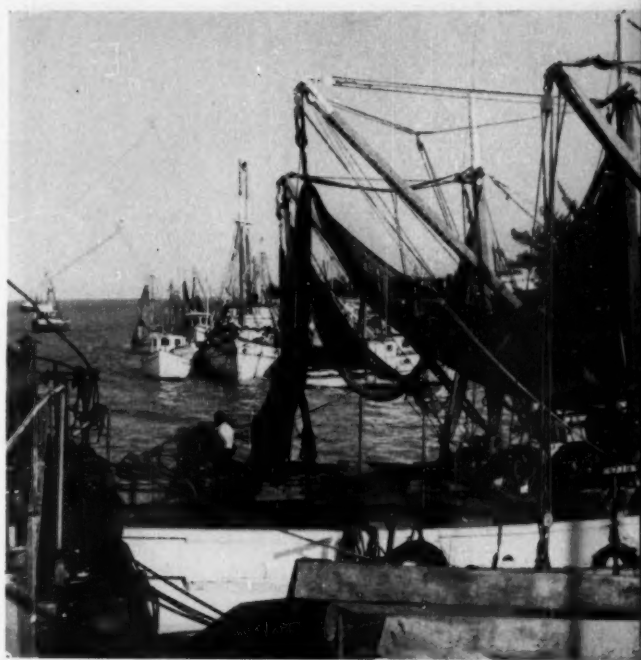
BOOM

SINCE 1940, shrimping has slowly but surely climbed to number one position in Mexico's fishing industry. Twelve years ago, the big republic south of the border was producing a mere seven million tons of the tasty crustaceans. Today it puts out well over forty-six million tons, some thirty-nine million of which are exported to the United States, the rest—except for a small amount going to Guatemala—being consumed at home. Largest production is achieved on Mexico's Pacific coast, where twenty freezing plants operate on a round-the-clock schedule, but the East coast contributes its share, too, with seven active freezers. In addition, several canneries have sprung up with a number of individuals and cooperatives engaged in drying shrimp. Altogether, the flourishing enterprise has created jobs for over two thousand Mexicans on land, to say nothing of the five thousand fishermen at sea whose 1950 catch was worth some twenty-five million U.S. dollars. Generally speaking, individual daily wages have leaped from as low as one peso (about twenty U.S. cents) to fifteen pesos (about three dollars) and up.

The reason for the boom goes back to September 1940, when Mexico, acting upon the advice of an ex-President, shrewd, rich General Abelardo L. Rodríguez, decided to develop a wholly Mexican shrimp industry. Previously it had been the business of foreign interests, notably U.S. and Japanese. Food source for coastal natives for hundreds of years, Mexican shrimp was first "discovered" by Yankees in the early 'twenties. With only modest results, their enterprise soon ran afoul of certain labor laws and Japanese competition. As war clouds gathered over the world between 1937 and 1940, however, the *gringos* were not long in discovering that the Orientals were operating an espionage center along the Pacific coast under the cloak of innocent shrimping. General Rodríguez pointed out to then President Lazaro Cárdenas that the Japanese constituted a military threat. Almost immediately Nipponese fishing rights were withdrawn, and the entire industry put under Mexican control. Although there is foreign money in shrimping today, Mexicans own at least fifty-one per cent of each company's stock.

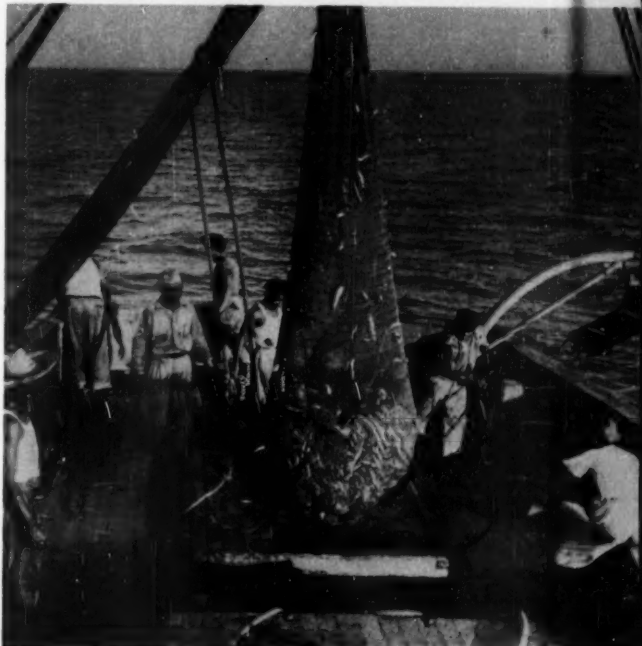
Typical of the many shrimp ports that have come to life up and down both of Mexico's coasts from the United States to Guatemala is Ciudad del Carmen, a town of 8,000 in the state of Campeche on the Yucatan Peninsula. Prior to 1946 when its particular boom started, this one-time pirate hideout was a sleepy town with eight fishing boats. Most of its population worked for low wages on the nearby copra plantations. Now there are over one hundred and fifty boats in the harbor and well-paying jobs for the people. Out of the monthly catch, which averages about four hundred tons and is worth about a half million dollars on the New York market, boat-owners earn roughly \$200,000, the fishermen about \$80,000, the ice factories some \$12,000, the people who process the catch for shipment \$8,000, and the Mexican Government takes about \$16,000 in export taxes. Caught by trawling only in good weather in calm seas, much of the shrimp is flown to the United States by cargo planes, manned for the most part by former GI pilots who speed the haul north of the border within three hours. On the way back, they fly ice in, grossing their bosses a thousand dollars for six hours of flying time and giving the Carmen shrimp interests a quick return on their investments. On the other hand, when the catches are big, some of the shrimp is sent north by boat, a slower but less expensive means of transportation.

Shrimping is not without risks. Because of the speculative nature of the trade—it's one the fisherman hits fast and hard—most of the investors have their funds tied up in the boats and land facilities. With operating expenses averaging about two hundred dollars a day per boat, a week of rough weather and poor catches can considerably hamstring their working capital. New-comers add competition and cut down the relative size of hauls, too. But today there seems to be enough shrimp in Mexican waters for everyone, for the government forbids the catching of undersized shrimp and has enacted conservation laws to protect both the spawning adults and the immature young. —W. B. A.



Trawlers at Ciudad del Carmen, on Yucatan Peninsula, one of many Mexican seaports that have benefited from shrimp boom

Net about to be jerked open to spill forth its treasure on deck. This is a small catch—1,100 pounds



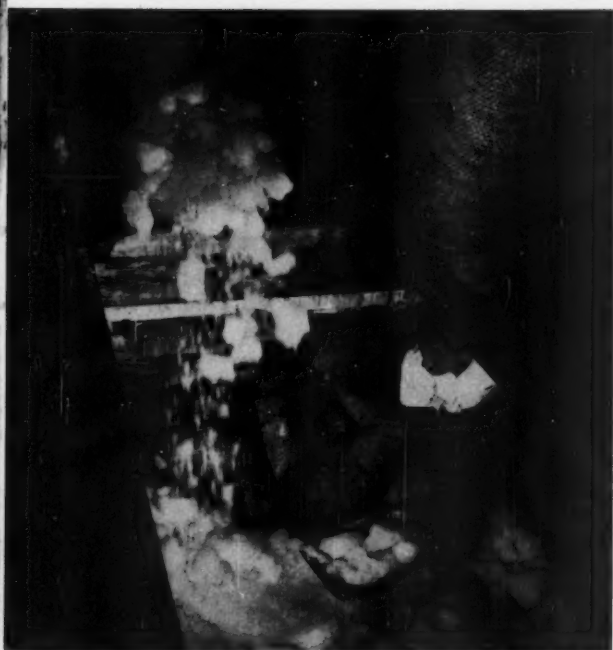


- 1** To keep shrimps fresh in fierce daytime heat, they are shoveled into trawler's hold and iced. Processing begins late at night back in port when cargo is put in baskets and brought up on deck
- 2** Next step in preparation for marketing and export is to tear off shrimps' heads. Men and boys from Carmen take part in the process that earns them more money than they've ever made before



- 3** Aboard shrimp boat Twenty Grand, Carmen workers sort and grade shrimp after removal of heads. For their part in preparing catch for shipment, they receive about \$8,000 monthly
- 4** Supervisor checks weight of basket of processed shrimp. These crustaceans have been decapitated, washed, mixed with chopped ice, and are ready to go into burlap bags





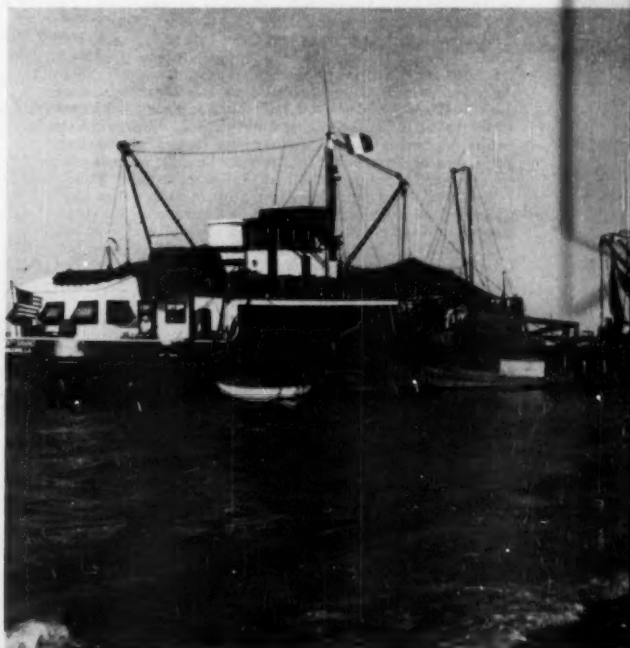
5 Bound for the tables of New Orleans, where they are a specialty of Creole cooking, sacks of iced shrimp are loaded into ship's hold. Ice business is a profitable one in sultry Carmen

6 Many shrimp boats like Twenty Grand are floating canneries. This enables them to carry advertising that reads: "Packed and frozen at sea . . . Fresh as fresh can be"



7 If shrimps are canned at sea, last step of process involves deep-freezing the tins of freshly caught produce. Then they are shipped abroad, mostly to the United States

8 Floating canneries like Twenty Grand cost half a million dollars to build. Although ship is under U.S. registry, all business aboard is controlled by Mexicans, who rent it for \$25,000 a month





On July 26 Mrs. Eva Duarte de Perón, wife of the Argentine President, died in Buenos Aires. Mrs. Perón took an active part in the public life of her country in recent years, especially in the fields of social welfare and labor, although she did not hold any formal position in the government. Her death has brought deep sorrow to Argentina. She made many speeches on political subjects, and in 1951 brought out a book entitled *La Razón de Mi Vida* (published in English as *The Reason for My Life*), which is not only an autobiography but a presentation of her political and social beliefs.

With the signature of U.S. Ambassador to the OAS John C. Dreier (left, seated) the agreement on the privileges and immunities of the OAS went into effect, elevating all Council and delegation members of the Organization to a diplomatic status equal to that accorded the staffs of their respective Washington embassies. Previously, their privileges and immunities had been undefined. Seated with Ambassador Dreier is OAS Secretary General Alberto Lleras, and behind the table stand members of the OAS Council including (from left): Alberto Díaz Alemany, interim representative from Chile; Paraguayan Ambassador Luis O. Boettner; Cuban interim representative José T. Barón; Ambassador Luis Quintanilla of Mexico; Peruvian Ambassador Juan Bautista de Lavalle; Nicaraguan Ambassador Guillermo Sevilla Sacasa; Ambassador René Lépervanche Pararcén of Venezuela; Ambassador Luis F. Thomen of the Dominican Republic; Colombian Ambassador César Tulio Delgado; Uruguayan Ambassador José A. Mora; Alfredo Chocano, interim representative from Guatemala; Brazilian interim representative Jayme Azevedo Rodrigues; Luis Galván, technical adviser from the Dominican Republic; Argentine interim representative Enrique Atal; Nicasio Silverio y Sainz, Cuban interim representative; and alternate representative Charles R. Burrows of the United States.

OAS

FOTO FLASHES



So they could personally discuss their problems with U. S. technicians, a group of Latin American labor leaders came to Washington last month under the auspices of the Point Four program. Meeting with OAS Secretary General Alberto Lleras (center) were (from left): Eugenio Colorado, secretary of education of the Colombian Workers' Union; Salvadorean miner and labor leader Héctor Burgos; Moisés Antonio Molano, Colombian Secretary of Agriculture and editor of *Justicia Social*, official newspaper of his country's Workers' Union; Beryl Frank of the PAU division of labor and social affairs; Maurice André Pierre, member of the Haitian printers' syndicate; and Costa Rican tailor, Gonzalo Castillo Rojas, of the "Rerum Novarum" Workers' Confederation. The labor leaders urged much wider expansion of PAU methods and facilities which they felt were enormously valuable.



A BRAZILIAN IN DIXIE

(Continued from page 5)

founded, looking at the old and new buildings scattered about more or less haphazardly. I talked with Brazilian students from Raleigh (where the engineering school is located). I wandered among the forsythia in the arboretum; spotted the 1822 (so dear to Brazilians as the date of their independence) on the façade of the old theater; and prepared a lecture on the terrace of the delightful Carolina Inn.

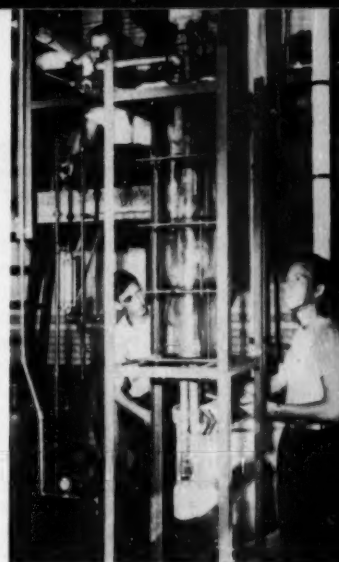
Space does not permit a detailed description of each university, or of the generous hospitality accorded me in each. But I will always fondly remember the U.S. professors—so modest, so devoted to the profession that is their life, shared by their wives and children in a great family-and-school community, a blending of home and cultural life very healthy and human indeed.

But we must depart for Duke. Ten or twelve miles from Chapel Hill, it lies just outside the tobacco town of Durham. Unlike North Carolina with its historical origin, so to speak, many universities in the United States were born of the will or vanity of a man or a family. So the Duke family founded and for a long time supported this university. Only a few miles away stands the Woman's College, with its Jeffersonian dome, and I must confess that I prefer its architecture to the pretentious Gothic buildings grouped about the single-steeple "cathedral" at Duke. There lie the remains of the founders—like the French Kings at Saint Denis, the Portuguese monarchs at Batalha, or the Spanish at Escorial. In front of the church is a statue of one of the Dukes with a huge cigar in his hand, a tribute to the *volupté nouvelle* that Pierre Louÿs referred to—the habit that made this sumptuous university possible. For the school was built with the millions made on Chesterfield, the cigarette that gives Durham its sweet-scented atmosphere and fills the shelves of elegant cigar stores the world over.

John Tate Lanning is a well-known professor of Latin American history at Duke. He, among others, gave me the privilege of lecturing to his students. I had lectured before to Sturgis Leavitt's, Federico Gil's, and Harold Bierck's in Chapel Hill. But this group frightened me at first. Almost all were graduate students—husky young people looking askance at a foreigner who calmly murdered the English language in his effort to scale mountains and describe currents of thought in that other America Professor Lanning had already introduced them to. But soon the ice broke. The students became attentive, jotted down notes, and asked questions in a serious yet frank manner. Talking with these young people, I became conscious of their responsibility for tomorrow, for the hope of freedom lies not only in the strength but also in the spirit of this greatest world power. Would they live up to it? The man of the year 2000 alone can tell. But I firmly believe they will.

With some of the professors I joined the Sigma Delta Pi fraternity for dinner at the cafeteria and then moved on to a reception at the home of John M. Fein, a young Spanish teacher, who is expanding the Ibero-American

Tulane students in the engineering lab on New Orleans campus



Loyola cadets keep abreast of new weapons: ROTC executive officer introduces new .45-caliber "burp" guns



The lighter side of campus life at Vanderbilt University, in Nashville, Tennessee

literature section of the Duke Library. There I had a chance to talk even more freely to students and faculty and make more friends.

Tuscaloosa, like Chapel Hill, is the home of a State university—Alabama's. I stayed at the house where the governor lived a hundred years ago, when the town was the state capital. The Civil War left deep scars. People still talk indignantly about the way the old university buildings were torn down by Sherman's troops (the South, of course, still considers Sherman a renegade). As one gets to know the United States better, Southern refusal to conform is brought home to him. One of my biggest surprises was seeing Confederate flags fluttering proudly on cars in Washington and New York. The whole atmosphere in the South is one of resurgence and retaliation. *Gone With the Wind* made the South fashionable in the United States as elsewhere. But the South of *Gone With the Wind* is only a historic picture now. What was gone with the wind came back with the oil.

In Atlanta I had paid a quick visit to Emory University before going on to Tuscaloosa. Members of Sigma Delta Pi (the best students in the Department of Latin American Studies) gave a party with Latin American food and music. Professor C. Beaumont Wicks, head of the Department of Romance Languages, is expanding his courses a great deal. His right hand man, Professor Hubert Mate, speaks Portuguese fluently and is always recruiting students for his Brazilian courses. For the uncertain life of Portuguese and Brazilian literature courses is due to lack of interest on the part of students rather than of administrators or professors. Students pay no attention to the fact that Brazil alone has fifty million people in contrast with eighty million Spanish Americans. They can only see that we are one Portuguese-speaking country as opposed to eighteen Spanish-speaking nations. And that Brazilians—so they say—understand Spanish more readily than Spanish Americans understand Portuguese. The consequence, therefore, is inescapable. Whereas Spanish courses are overcrowded, Portuguese classes have been discontinued for lack of students. But cultural nationalism is as self-defeating as political nationalism. What we Brazilians should do is not "learn Spanish," as one of those students very naïvely put it, but try to make Brazilian culture better known.

At Tulane, in New Orleans, there's so much interest in Spanish that more than a thousand students are enrolled in courses given by fifteen instructors. Like Duke, this university is a post-Civil War institution (located next to Loyola, the Jesuit college, where Professor Andrew L. Romeo, a North American with a Latin name, is a Brazilian studies enthusiast). Tulane was a businessman who profited from the war between the states and decided to return to the city some of the millions acquired heaven knows how by putting up a wonderful group of buildings and a stadium with more than 70,000 capacity on the small but hospitable campus. In one building there's a magnificent archeological collection from Central America, with first-class samples of Guate-

University of Houston is one of two in the United States offering a degree with a major in photography



Dr. Alexander Marchant, Vanderbilt history professor, conducts seminar on Brazil for graduate students, including two Brazilians



North Carolina University students in the recently expanded Law Library in Manning Hall at Chapel Hill



Ceramics laboratory at the University of Texas in Austin, one of best-equipped schools in the country



malan, Honduran, and Mexican objects. The university also puts out specialized publications of continental prestige.

John E. Englekirk heads the Spanish and Portuguese Department. He also edits the contemporary section of *Anthology of Spanish-American Literature*, a textbook widely used in Latin American studies in this country. Daniel S. Wogan, another devotee of Latin American literature, is the author of the best bibliographical study ever undertaken on Brazilian writings about Spanish American literature. He is now using his admirable capacity for analysis and criticism as a literary researcher in a much more difficult job: compiling a bibliography of Spanish American writings about Brazilian literature.

I shall not speak of New Orleans, one of the most unusual U.S. cities, but I will say a word about the Negro universities. The first I visited was Dillard, where I went without introduction or letter. There are those who say that if you make arrangements for a visit to U.S. institutions, you will be received with open arms, but if you come without warning, you run the risk of having a door slammed in your face. Some say it's the same in other parts of the world, but this is not exactly so. By temperament and tradition we Latin Americans are improvisers. But here things are different. Everything is done ahead of time, on schedule. Air raids don't seem imminent, however fictitious guided missiles may have made boundaries, yet air raid drills are conducted everywhere. Congresses and conferences are prepared months or even years in advance. That's why, when they are finally held, everything goes off with the monotony of clockwork.

When I met Professor Rudolph Moses at Dillard (an English literature professor on loan to the Latin American department), I had nothing to identify myself. But after five minutes with this *griffe* (half Negro, half white), we were old friends, drawn together by a common horror of racial discrimination. For more than two hours I listened to an appraisal of the United States by this extremely intelligent son of a slave, as seen from the South looking northward, and it was worth more than a stay of several months. "Why don't you put all of these interesting and original observations into writing?" I asked. "Well," he replied, "I'm about to retire. Do you know Montesquieu's comments on French life as seen through the eyes of a foreigner in *Lettres Persannes*? I want to write something similar for my dear country."

"Since we understand each other so well on the racial problem in general," I suggested, "why not call it *Brazilian Letters*?"

From New Orleans to Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge is only a step—eighty miles. Dr. R. E. Chandler, Professor of Spanish and Portuguese, put me up at the Pan American House, next to the French House—symbolic of Louisiana's double heritage. I made the acquaintance of more students in the history classes of Professor Preston Moore and Mrs. Lucas de Grummond. That evening the Brazilian Club met. Though I didn't speak Portuguese all the time, as I had the day

before in Tulane, I was able to talk in my language to a group of students from all parts of Brazil. I believe Baton Rouge is still the greatest center of attraction for Brazilians, and former students from Brazil who became great teachers—like Hilgard Sternberg, José Artur Rios, and Jorge Zarur—are still remembered. There the regularly spaced buildings, mostly of North Italian architecture, give the campus an unmistakably Latin flavor, even though the 300 Latin Americans represent only about five per cent of the total number of students.

Houston is between Baton Rouge and Austin, but I went to the latter first. There, at the University of Texas, is one of the best promoters of Latin American studies in these lands—my great friend Lewis Hanke. A year ago, when he had decided to accept a State Department invitation to go as cultural attaché to Brazil, the professor of Latin American history at Austin died, and Hanke was invited to replace him. So, after twelve absorbing years at the Hispanic Foundation of the Library of Congress, he returned to his first love—teaching.

The University of Texas, which is perhaps the best-equipped college in the United States today, has a long tradition of Latin American studies. Four huge new buildings will soon be opened. My mouth watered as I looked at air-conditioned rooms, sound-proof walls, professors' offices (a basic requirement in this country, even in the most modest universities), and every type of modern equipment imaginable. The 15,000 students fill the campus patios and elaborate stairways, the winding streets (where parking becomes an adventure) as well as the classrooms. Texas is the land of broad horizons, and there's a lovely view from the University tower. From a flagpole in the large patio in front of the tower, the lone star of Texas flutters in the wind right below the Stars and Stripes. This recalls the eighteenth-century receptions in old Georgetown, before the District of Columbia was born, invariably attended by the Texan Minister side by side with French and Russian diplomats.

There are many Latin Americans at this university, too, and the school has a beautiful collection of Mexican history books. A great Mexican historian, Professor Carlos Eduardo Castañeda, once discovered in the files of the University of Mexico an old history of Texas written by a Spanish colonial historian. He wrote his doctor's thesis on it, moved to Austin, and turned the University of Texas into an important center of Mexican and Latin American history.

There is also a small Catholic university in Austin, Saint Edwards University, run by the Holy Cross fathers. According to its director, it "hasn't been lucky enough to strike oil on the land donated by the State." He was, of course, referring to the University of Texas on the hill directly opposite, for its present prosperity is due to the oil found years ago on its property. On another hill are two outstanding Negro colleges, which are planning to merge and pool their contribution toward preparing the new colored generation for its ever-increasing responsibility in working out the destiny of the fifteen million Negroes in the United States. In one

(Continued on page 46)



JOHN DEWEY'S IDEAS

THE RECENT DEATH of 92-year-old John Dewey was as much a loss to Latin America as to his native U.S.A. Ernesto Montenegro, editor of the literary page of the Santiago daily *El Mercurio* and one of Chile's leading journalists, gives us a South American view of the venerable philosopher:

"The U.S. educator and philosopher John Dewey, perhaps the greatest modern humanist, is dead after nearly a century of life. First at the University of Michigan, later at the University of Chicago, and finally at Columbia, he devoted himself to re-vamping educational methods, writing textbooks and papers, training teachers, and indoctrinating the public through articles and lectures. Not since Horace Mann put teaching on a professional basis in the United States has anyone exerted such a revolutionary influence on public education as John Dewey.

"Schooled in the pragmatic doctrines of William James and in the theories of the English philosopher Herbert Spencer, Dewey was, like them, a humanist of the new school who sincerely believed in reason as a guide for humanity. With his contemporaries Bertrand Russell and Santayana, he helped revive the Encyclopedists' faith in the ability of civilized man to create a body of doctrine that transcends the physical limitations of his nature without resorting to metaphysics and esoteric theologies. With their feet firmly planted on the ground, these new humanists place the responsibility for human actions directly on the con-

science of man, offering as proof of human dignity the noble and profound products of man's mind and spirit since the dawn of civilization.

"Dewey was one of the guiding lights of social democracy. For him, as for other great lay thinkers, democracy is the least imperfect form of self government, and the most difficult. Hence the need to acquaint the people at an early age with their rights and responsibilities, teaching them that in order to make community life possible they must learn to govern their own conduct. The public school is the natural and logical foundation of the social structure. The first thing, therefore, is to prepare generations of teachers who will undertake with intelligence and integrity the formation of a citizen.

"Other statesmen had recognized this long before Dewey, but none worked at putting it into practice with his tenacity and flexibility of thought. When Napoleon came to power . . .

the first thing he did was to tell his minister of public education: 'We are the heirs of the French Revolution, and as such we must see to the education of the people. And as we cannot now encourage man to believe in ideals that are at variance with his reason and with his destiny in the world, the teacher must inspire in his students devotion to the service of their fellow men and of the country. The public school must prepare citizens for the glory of the State.'

"We can now see more clearly where such narrow secularism was bound to lead: eventually it would carry many European peoples into the trap of rightist or leftist totalitarian regimes. For this reason an attempt has been made in the United States to temper rationalism with eclectic training in all the great doctrines that have crystallized the aspirations of man . . . from the Vedas [ancient sacred literature of the Hindus] and the classics of Chinese sages to Plato, with all the ancient and modern ramifications of his ideas. This ambitious attempt to reconcile the multiple perceptions of reason with the ineffable desires of mysticism and poetry, endorsed by Meikeljohn, Hutchins, and Adler, is simply a corollary to John Dewey's concrete doctrines.

"Dewey's main interest was to help man make full use of his potentialities by training his mind and enriching it with useful knowledge that would equip him to fill a more vital role in the modern world. Thanks to Dewey and his followers, the U.S. school—and with it that of many other countries—has ceased to be a cloister where the hackneyed notions of an



Philosopher John Dewey

out-of-date science and philosophy are recited in a vacuum. Dewey threw the classroom doors wide open, planting the school in the midst of the community and getting the community to take possession of it. In a word, he returned to parents their rightful part in the education of their children, and at the same time supplemented learning from books and teachers with practical education in factory, mine, and laboratory, on the wharves as well as on the farms.

"Dewey was, then, the father or grandfather of progressive education. He was also many other things. His social ideas germinated the most enlightened and independent aspects of U.S. socialism. The moral authority of this educator was fully demonstrated when he was called upon to settle the dispute over the doctrinal integrity of Trotsky in the sharply controversial atmosphere of a period that was to end fatefully with the downfall of that leader. On that occasion the elderly philosopher proved that he would never relinquish his right to judge men and events regardless of transitory considerations. No dialectic artifice weakened Dewey's determination to keep his conduct consistent with his principles.

"In accordance with his work and teaching, Dewey chose to leave his post at Columbia rather than submit to the opportunism of the university president, Nicholas Murray Butler. Together with Professors Harvey Robinson and Charles Beard, he insisted on his right to think freely, without yielding to pressures of the moment. From that time on, he devoted all his energies to completing his social and philosophical writings, which constitute the most solid body of doctrine produced so far in the United States. . . .

"Many Chilean educators have benefited directly or indirectly from the teachings of this wise master. And throughout the world, in the interior of China as in the midst of the Brazilian jungles, Dewey's ideas have purified education and clarified the thinking of millions and millions of teachers and students. It is thinkers like Dewey who, knowingly or not, guide today's democracies in their efforts to make each man a truly

rational being, neither dominated by fear of the unknown nor driven by savage prejudices against other races or cultures superficially different from his own. These thinkers, like the French moralist Jean Marie Guyau, try to prepare man to gain full possession of himself, of his intellectual powers, and of the world."

EL UNIVERSAL

SILUETAS DE AUDIFFRED



Cartoonist Audiffred limns Mexico City floods: "Quickly, Alberto, to the opera!" El Universal, Mexican daily

HOW TO GROW OLD GRACEFULLY

IN ALL his fifty years, nothing like this has ever happened before to Brazilian poet Carlos Drummond de Andrade, who describes it in the new Brazilian weekly *Manchete*:

"I have been asked to write a piece, and I don't see the need for it. The papers are full of subjects; as a matter of fact, too full, and that's the whole trouble. Two or three good news stories, with a drawing and a pretty face, would lessen the reader's bad temper and the confusion in the world. The rest of the pages should be left blank and used for wrapping packages, which everybody has to do anyway. Newspaper editors will call me insane or moronic when they hear that I advocate a different type of press. Well, it's a dream, and as such will be saved for that much-longed-for 'better world.'"

"The street also offers a thousand topics. All I have to do is open the glass door to the balcony and market scenes and sounds invade my eyes and ears. They say the cost of living is high, and it is more than high, but the market sales go on, a show for anyone

who wants to see and feel. Whoever says the girls in Copacabana are frivolous hasn't seen the admirable housewives, some of them extremely well groomed, who push their baby carriages between the overflowing stands, touching, sniffing, and haggling about the price of vegetables. They are modern girls proving that it's possible to harmonize beauty and truth (Truth is hidden in a squash, a source of Vitamin A). The women who go to market are beautiful. They walk, very exacting and serious, past the peaches and mangoes in season, while young boys offer to carry their bundles, supervisors pretend to be working, and everything looks like paintings and music under the Rio sky.

"But I'm tired of all these subjects, because a More Important, Demanding, and Sweet subject by my side absorbs me completely. It has the shape of a ten-month-old man who is beginning to move in the limited territory of his crib, leaning against the rail. He follows the compass around in a wabby step, stops, rests, smiles at his feat, and plans bigger ones. Then, forgetting to balance himself, losing interest in the light switch or a simple shadow, he raises his hands and rolls on the mattress. He's crying. Now he forgets about crying and smiles again. And he sings. He sings in his semi-language the songs God has taught him, songs Prevert and Kosma would never dream of; songs they must have sung themselves when they were little, but later forgot.

"Why, the authorities will say, your subject is just a boy in his room. Not at all. My subject is a grandson. It isn't only my subject, but everybody's. As a matter of fact, I take this opportunity to urge all my friends and enemies (were I rich enough to have them) and people in general to cultivate grandchildren. It's the most discreet way to grow old with tenderness and dignity. Have a lot of grandchildren or just a few, whichever your finances or space permits, but have them.

"The grandchild will accept you without reserve and will teach you many things—among them, that all that seems important and for which people work themselves to death,

struggle, and suffer is sheer nonsense. You will learn that the really important things are precisely those not dreamed up in offices or universities and classified in tables; those that do not follow rules or depend on the sun or rain; that cannot be sold, that bestow glory or distinguish a man among his contemporaries; but, rather, those that make a man perfectly equal to all other men who ever lived or will live on this earth. Your grandchild will teach you these and other things, free of charge, and will force you to forget your commitments, creating a healthy lack of responsibility to dilute your painful sense of responsibility. Finally, he will give you the feeling of home, a feeling few people have because they haven't yet discovered that the home was meant for grandchildren, not for us nor even for our children; for only the grandchildren have a right to disrupt everything without punishment. If your grandchild wants to set fire to the closet, you will give him the matches, and if the fire does not take hold promptly, you will kindle it. The grandchild is a rediscovery not only of childhood but of ourselves. Have grandchildren.

"I would advise those couples in the autumn of life who are not in a position to have grandchildren to have new babies and treat them like grandchildren. That is, don't overwhelm them with the weight of a disciplinary love sprinkled with scoldings—the sort of love we bestow on our children. I see no other way to redeem ourselves from the unfortunate events of this century. Either we surrender to our grandchildren and become their full accomplices, enjoying the delightful animal grace of these little creatures still pure and thirsty for life, or we look at ourselves in the mirror and feel nauseated.

"I wish a grandchild on every one of my readers."

LITERATURE AND THE GIRLS

IN THE BRAZILIAN WEEKLY *O Cruzeiro*, novelist Genolino Amado reminds his colleagues that as far as their products are concerned, at least, "no one should underestimate the power of a woman":

"One of the most significant things about Rio's cultural life today is surely

the new interest shown by women in great books and great authors. Indeed, women no longer find pleasure in the sweet nonsense of the so-called 'pink' novels, such as Ardel's or Delly's, with their old lies about humble secretaries who married their distinguished bosses, or poor seamstresses to whom devoted viscounts kept offering love, title, and castle. This phony romanticism that falsely promised revival of the Cinderella legend no longer fools today's young woman; her mind has developed and awakened as she has taken a more active part in tasks barred to her not so long ago. Modern *cariocas* who work in government or business offices, for example, have become a contributing force in our life instead of remaining a static thing of grace, and they are not to be duped by literary sedatives. On the contrary, what they seek in literature is encouragement, direction, a way of life, and experience.

"Such extraordinary intellectual progress did not, to be sure, result from a sudden enlightening of feminine souls. Rather, it reflects economic and social conditions that have become a part of Brazil's industrial expansion, with the consequent growth of cities and open or hidden 'proletarianization' of many middle-class families, whose hard-driven heads simply had to accept the fact that their daughters must leave home and look for jobs in the city.

"So the old-fashioned fiction that used to delight the idle young ladies of another day would never do for the contemporary girl, whose work brings her into close contact with realities her predecessors wouldn't have dared to explore.

"Born of greater demands on the mind, the ladies' present fervor for cultural things is not a means of escape, but an almost heroic attempt to face life, to understand it. That is why this enthusiasm is found in working girls and not among the idle upper-class.

"On the other hand, while women show this new love of culture, Brazilian men seem sick and tired of almost all the books they've read and of the many mistakes of judgment these books have led them to commit. The serious intellectual errors of recent times—so dramatically revealed by the war—weigh upon the masculine consciousness. Evidence of that lies in our habit of saying, in reference to whatever is insignificant, meaningless, empty: 'Oh, well, that's literature!'

"For today's woman literature is a serious thing, a source of learning and guidance. As she reads on the streetcar coming home from work, she does it not for pleasure but for enlightenment. In her search for advice or an incentive, she imposes stoic restrictions on her meager salary in order to be able to afford the works recommended by the critics. Perhaps she has given up going to the movies or faced the humiliation of seeing her boy friend with a run in her stocking.

"Such devotion is touching; it makes you feel good. So it's saddening to realize that some writers, even among those who profess to be concerned with the masses, adopt a supercilious attitude toward the things these girls read. Under the influence of an aristocratic notion of intelligence—the idea that fine minds and good judgment belong exclusively to the ruling elite—they don't believe that women appreciate the best. Whenever they want to deny the significance of somebody else's work, they insinuate that it is 'literature for salesgirls and typists.' Yet only yesterday on a bus I saw one of these gentlemen engrossed in a whodunit, while beside him a young salesgirl was reading Tolstoy's *War and Peace*."

MANENGADAS

Por Rosehada



—¿Y con Manengadas?
—Hay que estar "aprovechados" no viva a ser verdad con de los dioses valados y me cojan fuera de base...

Sign reads: "First Committee, Friends of the Martians." "What's that all about?" Cuban queries friend. "I'm not going to be caught napping in case those theories about the flying saucers are true!" By Rosehada, Diario de la Marina, Havana

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS?

Answers on page 46



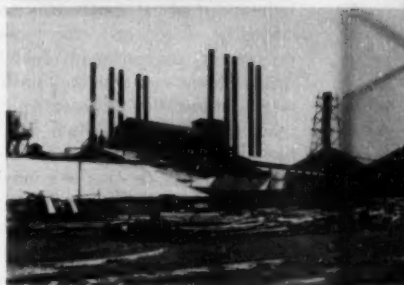
1. *Hoy* is a popular weekly magazine published in Mexico City; Santiago, Chile; Buenos Aires; or Los Angeles, California?

2. Because they affix the particle "che" to so many words, the people of this South American city are sometimes referred to as "ches." Are they residents of Lima, La Paz, Buenos Aires, or Caracas?



3. The marimba is the national musical instrument of Brazil, Paraguay, Guatemala, or Bolivia?

4. From native hardwood trees, Paraguayan factories manufacture extract used in tanning industry. Is it mahogany, quebracho, mate, or redwood?



5. Worker at Montecristi, Ecuador, is making a native drum, straw hat, embroidered tablecloth, or broom?

6. Street scene in _____ of the Indies, fortified Caribbean city, once fabled as a pirate stronghold.



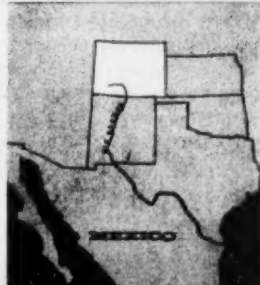
7. Capital of U.S. Virgin Islands is Charlottesville, Charlotte, Charlotte Amalie, or Charlottetown?

8. Second largest fresh-water lake in Hemisphere (excepting U.S. Great Lakes) is Lake Nicaragua, Nicaragua; Lake Pátzcuaro, Mexico; Lake Pontchartrain, Louisiana; or Lake Maracaibo, Venezuela?

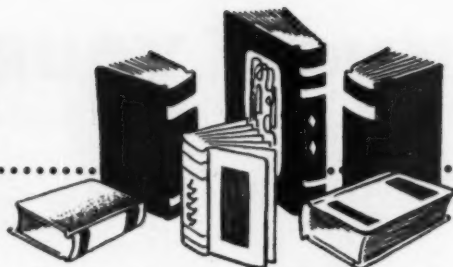


9. *Zafra* is an important word in Cuba, because it refers to the sugar cane harvest; the sisal planting season; the agricultural branch of government; or a popular pineapple drink?

10. The 2,200 mile long Rio Grande River has its source in the San Juan Mountains of the western U.S. state indicated on map. From its silhouette, can you name the state?



BOOKS



PORTRAIT OF A GENIUS

APPARENTLY Joaquim Maria Machado de Assis (1839-1908)—the most controversial, contradictory, universal and at the same time most national of Brazilian writers—makes an inexhaustible theme. For his “half tints,” his light-and-shadow contrasts continue to appeal to the curiosity of scholars, the patience of critics, and the interest of general readers both at home and abroad. Yet however constant and profound, the soundings will never fathom the ultimate depths of this “greatest phenomenon in our spiritual life,” to quote that precise phrase of Graça Aranha’s, one of the most vigorous interpreters of the mulatto novelist who labored under the handicaps of color, poverty, and disease.

The latest among the tireless interpretations, conjectures, and theories on that bitter and outspoken skeptic is *Retrato de Machado de Assis*, an attempt at a portrait of the author of *Quincas Borba* by José Maria Bello, critic, historian, and former Brazilian ambassador to the OAS. Machado de Assis, like Eça de Queiroz, whose life Bello dealt with in a similar study seven years ago, has always been a literary concern of his. One of Bello’s 1917 essays referred to Machado de Assis, and there was another in his valuable book *Inteligência do Brasil*, in which he also wrote about Rui Barbosa, Joaquim Nabuco, and Euclides da Cunha. But the fascination of that “man of thwarted or disguised ambition” still held him. Nostalgically, José Maria Bello recalls his brief encounters with the incomparable humorist at the turn of the century. In the afternoons he would wander into Rio’s famous old Garnier bookstore, to gaze at the novelist from a distance as he stood among his closest friends, longing to speak to him but overawed by the Master’s “greatness.” Hence this new work, written with deep affection and much of that same “nostalgia of oneself” that is found in Machado de Assis’ last book, *Memorial de Aires*.

Like Machado de Assis, José Maria Bello could not and does not look upon his sketch as definitive. As he says, “The theme is so vast that nobody could hope, by any stretch of the imagination, to exhaust it. . . . To accomplish that, you would have to be another Machado de Assis.” If he could return to his subject, the biographer would no doubt make alterations, for, in Machado de Assis’ own merciless words, “each one of life’s seasons is a revised edition of the previous one; the last is delivered gratis, to the worms.”

In this excellent portrayal, José Maria Bello reveals the man, his environment, his time, the writer, his

philosophy, his technique. With an intimate knowledge of his sources, he places the novelist accurately against the historic background of Emperor Pedro II’s reign. Particularly keen are his remarks analyzing Machado de Assis: his gregariousness and his fondness for joining small literary circles; his auditory rather than visual bent, which undoubtedly helps explain why he was an introvert and never interested in nature. Bello conveys the breath of dense, veiled sensuality that blows through the pages of Machado de Assis’ last novels and short stories and explains his “objective” time as against Proust’s “subjective” time. But I cannot agree with Bello’s assertion that Machado de Assis’ humor was a kind of pose. I prefer to think of it as one of his innate qualities. While it lay dormant, the novelist wrote dull, romantic books. Not before that quality came to the fore was he able to produce such masterpieces as *Memórias Póstumas de Braz Cubas*, *Quincas Borba*, and *Dom Casmurro*. The great transition was a process of self-discipline, de-verbalizing himself, so to speak, and introducing sobriety, order, and clarity into romanticism’s sentimental chaos. This evolution, though beneficial to the language, was tragic to the man: as he became more boldly negative, Machado de Assis was mutilated spiritually.

In sincerity and humility, José Maria Bello admits that, like the indefatigable biographers who preceded him, he also wove a certain aura of fiction about the impenitent agnostic. Surely this is to be expected in any attempt to elucidate the life and work of such an introvert, the only one in Brazil, in fact, who achieved an authentic “adventure of the spirit” unrelated to everyday reality. In his works, Machado de Assis always concealed his innermost feelings, never revealing himself to his closest friends, perhaps not even to himself. An apathetic man, he was never filled with enthusiasm over great causes, not even abolition, in which the liberation of his own race was at stake. This indifference led the Negro orator José do Patrocínio to shout angrily: “Hate him, for he is evil; hate him for he hates his race, his country, his people.”

That is why we were left no documents whatever by Machado de Assis about his own development. He steadfastly refused, at all times, to take part in authors’ polls of literary opinions. Even his correspondence yields nothing. All his statements were veiled, incomplete; tenderness sometimes shines through, particularly after the death of his wife, “sweet” Carolina, but the mystery of his development remains unsolved. It would have hurt his timid pride to mention his poor humble origin, the

"queer things" he felt as a child—the first symptoms of that inexorable epilepsy which was to plague him for a lifetime—his color, stammering, and heaven knows how many complexes that have remained hidden. Like Plotinus, although, for other reasons, Machado de Assis was ashamed of his body. Someone had found in him the influence of Persian dualism. Machado de Assis was what we might call an incomplete Manichean: he hated the darkness of Evil, but was unable to love the light of Good. For that reason there is no hierarchy of values in his works. Perhaps the one exception is his worship of Art, to him the supreme value. That, however, was no more than a personal attitude which did not in any way diminish his incorrigible skepticism. If all virtue is fringed with vice—as in his short story, "Igreja do Diabo," in *Histórias sem Data* ("The Devil's Church," in *Stories without a Date*)—then vice—and this worried Machado's demon tremendously—is fringed with virtue. Like a Greek sophist, Machado de Assis loved to wallow in contradiction. Such are the contrasts that constitute his chiaroscuro.

Still another contradiction in the man which seems of primary importance to me is that between form and content. There are objective and subjective writers. The former—whom we could call style's naturalists—identify themselves completely with the medium of expression. Such a writer was Eça de Queiroz, whom Graça Aranha once classified, no doubt unjustly, as "an artist without mystery and without culture." The subjective writers—style's existentialists—identify themselves with the medium only halfway or sometimes not at all. Machado de Assis was one of these. His style is clarity itself, the people's very language stylized—hence its delightfully natural flavor; while the thinker, with his inhibitions, his pitiless humor, is obscurity itself. Undaunted Machado scholars broaden the area of light, although they cannot dispel the shadowy one, which seems to be the main object of their research. That is why we thank José Maria Bello for this latest effort to reach an understanding of Machado de Assis.—*Armando Correia Pacheco*

RETRATO DE MACHADO DE ASSIS, by José Maria Bello. Rio de Janeiro, Editora A Noite, 1952. 313 p.



Death mask of Joaquim Maria Machado de Assis, "the most controversial, contradictory, universal and at the same time most national of Brazilian writers . . ."

MACHADO DE ASSIS IN ENGLISH

BEFORE *Epitaph of a Small Winner*, none of Machado de Assis' great works had been translated into English. One wonders why, considering the translations into ten languages, including Japanese, of a book such as *Innocencia*, by Taunay (the Viscount of Taunay was the son of painter Felix Emilio Taunay—one of the members of the French Artistic Mission sent to Brazil in 1816 who started the teaching of visual arts there, as well as professional subjects).

The reason is that for a long time Brazilian literature—Latin American literature on the whole, actually—was considered "exotic." Just as Oriental exoticism was revealed to world literature in the eighteenth century, so the nineteenth century attempted to discover Western exoticism—on the premise, of course, that Europe represented "normal" literature.

True, none of the West's "exotic" masterpieces ever achieved the success of *Arabian Nights* or *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*. But some of the New World's Anglo-Saxon "exotic" writers, like, for instance, Edgar Allan Poe, managed to change the course of European letters. On the other hand, some French writers of Latin American origin, such as José María de Heredia, drew the world's attention to Latin America, although not typically Latin American writer was able to arouse world-wide interest except by dint of being exotic.

Hence the choice of works like Taunay's *Innocencia* from Brazilian literature as representative of that literature. Like Isaacs' *Maria*, *Innocencia* was a bucolic, romantic work in which the landscape played the leading role. Furthermore, it was a work that did not make too many demands on the reader.

In the nineteenth century Europe and the United States still thought of Latin America as a civilization in an elementary, decorative stage.

As far as a good many Europeans and North Americans are concerned, we have not yet progressed from that stage. North Americans are interested in Mexico largely because it is picturesque, exotic, decorative. The same could be said of all the other Latin American countries.

Still, if that is true for the tourists, it is no longer so for a growing number of responsible, thinking men. While we cannot yet say that the twentieth century is Latin America's century—for so far it has been the United States' and Asia's century—people all over Latin America are getting ready for a collective awakening or a crucial revelation, in the twenty-first century. One of the signs of Latin America's growing participation in world politics and literature is the translation of such works as Machado de Assis' *Memórias Póstumas de Braz Cubas*. Professor William L. Grossman has just completed this first translation of the novel into English, originally under a literally translated title, *Posthumous Memoirs of Braz Cubas*, but now published under the cryptic title, *Epitaph of a Small Winner*.

Machado de Assis should have been translated into English long ago, as he was into French after the First World War, by Francis de Miomandre and later by

General Chadebec de La Vallade. English-language publishers, however, are more prudent, rather tardy in recognizing Latin geniuses, or simply less interested in authors who are not British or North American. Add to this the Brazilians' apathy toward making their own intellectual treasures known elsewhere—it has never occurred either to the Academy of Letters or to the government to commission a good translation of our masterworks—and you can easily explain why Machado de Assis' novels were never before made accessible to the English-speaking world.

Better this way. It was better that a U.S. reader should have "discovered" Machado de Assis, then undertaken this excellent translation with no support from governments or academics. English and U.S. readers should take this important fact into account and realize that Machado de Assis is one of those geniuses who must be sought out in their own local environment to be appreciated. Like many other Latin American writers, Machado de Assis is a citizen of a universal literary civilization, entitled to the same rights as writers from any corner of the globe. And these Latin Americans can stand the test of reader appeal not only for picturesqueness in landscape or customs—i.e., for their nationalism or regionalism—but for the intrinsic value of their work.

As a matter of fact, *Memórias Póstumas de Braz Cubas* was a happy choice on Mr. Groseman's part as the first in a series of translations of Machado de Assis' books. "The first in a series," I say, for in view of the warm critical comments the book has provoked so far, he should become for Machado de Assis what Hérèle was for Dannunzio in France or Remy de Gourmont for Rodríguez Larreta.

This book by Machado de Assis was really an epoch-making work. Up until the time it came out, in 1881—Brazilian literature was based on landscape, man being a mere accident. Machado de Assis' great innovation was displacing the center of interest in Brazilian letters from the land to the man. Prior to that time José de Alencar was Brazil's greatest novelist. Many believe he still is, as the most typical, original, and most "representative" of the country's landscape, customs, and language. But even without underestimating his role in our literature, we may safely say that if one of his novels were translated nowadays, as Taunay's *Innocencia* was then (Taunay belonged to the same school as Alencar as far as fictional esthetics were concerned), it would be received merely as something exotic, picturesque, decorative.

Machado de Assis, then, was the first great Brazilian writer who stressed man as the main object of his esthetic concern. Not local, regional, or national man. No. Machado de Assis sought man himself, unconditioned by landscape or politics, and analyzed him psychologically. A story such as *Epitaph of a Small Winner* could have happened anywhere in the world. It is not necessarily linked to landscape, political events, or typical language. It is essentially a novel on a universal level. But we must not mistake cosmopolitan for universal. "Cosmopolitan" suggests something exotic involving no

region at all or many regions. Literary universalism—as in Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, Conrad's *Lord Jim*, John Dos Passos' *U.S.A.*, or Eça de Queiroz' *A Cidade das Serras*—is not necessarily associated with any one locale, although it may be located sometimes within the most typical of environments. Nothing could be more simultaneously Southern and universal than, for example, Faulkner's novels.

The same could be said of Machado de Assis. Nothing more typically *carioca* (i.e., pertaining to Rio de Janeiro) than one of his novels, even in his most universal phase, when he wrote *Epitaph of a Small Winner*. At the same time, nothing could be less self-consciously local, regional, exotic within world literature than one of Machado de Assis' novels.

After *Memórias Póstumas de Braz Cubas*, what mattered was man in general, the human soul, psychological depths. That book started a new phase in Brazilian novels, just as a third, or "social," phase was to start with Graça Aranha's *Canaan* (1902). Landscape novels, psychological novels, social novels appeared successively in Brazilian literature. Today they coexist simultaneously. But Machado de Assis' name is indissolubly linked to the second phase. Thus in 1881, when this book first appeared, landscape, ornament, regional speech became merely an accidental element or, at best, one of the "currents" in our literature.

Because of its vital importance in our literary history, it is fortunate that this volume introduces Machado de Assis into English-language literature, just as Machado de Assis himself introduced English letters into Brazil. He was the first Brazilian writer who let himself be influenced chiefly by English-language writers. Swift's and Sterne's influences on him have been emphasized by practically everyone; also that of Montaigne and Pascal—always writers who, instead of stressing individual peculiarities, have tried to grasp man from a universal standpoint, on the common ground of mankind. Also, the author's style, as well as the character of his hero, are of the kind that can interest English-language readers.

Braz Cubas is everybody and nobody. It would be erroneous to identify him with Machado de Assis himself. For in his later, as well as earlier, books, other, equally noteworthy Machados can be found. Which is the right one? The romantic, the skeptic, the conformist? The writer in his first, second (sometimes taken for the definitive) phase, or third phase? *Helena*, *Braz Cubas*, or *Memorial de Aires*?

All three, for Machado de Assis covered almost an entire century in Brazilian letters; throughout sixty years of intense literary production, his life was a parabola characterized by a growing "humanization" of his outlook on life. He never drifted from his adoption of what Gide called *disponibilité*, a refusal to adhere to any one set of philosophical or religious principles, but in his case the attitude was profoundly different from André Gide's. While the French writer's *disponibilité* was firmly "closed," that of Machado was "open." Even his skepticism, which in a book of this type takes

on such a deeply negative character as in the last sentence, "I transmitted to no one the legacy of our misery"—can be understood only as a complete reality when compared to the whole of his works—an image, as it were, of mankind's miserable destiny. And in order to understand the true nature of mankind's condition one must realize that man, *per se*, is nothing. Machado de Assis' humanism was not anthropocentric. And for that very reason he opened many more windows for us than a literal interpretation of his philosophy of life would lead us to believe.

Clearly, Mr. Grossman is a benefactor not only for Brazilian literature—his is an admirable translation—but also for inter-American literature generally.—*Alceu Amoroso Lima*

EPITAPH OF A SMALL WINNER, by Machado de Assis. Translated by William L. Grossman. Drawings by Shari Frisch. Noonday Press, distributed by Hermitage House, New York City, 1952. 223 p. \$3.50



POET TURNED NOVELIST

BEFORE HIS PREMATURE DEATH Oscar Castro was known as one of the most promising of Chile's younger poets. His posthumous novel, *Llampo de Sangre* (Bloody Ore), was received with surprise and a certain amount of skepticism. Would he succeed in prose as he had in verse—wondered the enthusiastic admirers of his previous work. But *Llampo de Sangre* quickly swept away all doubts and won the approval of critics and public.

Anyone who knows Chile, its land and its people, will find the descriptions in this book movingly accurate. "Chile is narrow," writes the author, "and its valley is too much like a river bed. And a river bed suggests transition, movement, flight." Castro goes on to recount the adventures of his characters, and the statement seems to attribute the Chileans' restless, adventurous, and roving nature to the geographic contours of their country. The environment keeps driving them on toward new horizons, yet at the same time holding them back with hidden roots, if we are to accept Castro's suggestive observation.

The Chilean worker is masterfully portrayed in *Llampo de Sangre*, with all his vigor, pride, loyalty, and courage.

One of his characteristic traits—typically Spanish—is his profound disinterest, his indifference to material things, that leads him to extremes of improvidence and waste. But, in its nobler aspect, this attitude makes him look with repugnance and contempt on the greedy man, the fortune seeker. For him there are more important assets than the ability to accumulate money. And in rude, perhaps clumsy, terms he categorically expresses his opinion. Castro illustrates this in the scene where a miner who knows the location of a certain mine (a secret that according to popular superstition was jealously guarded by the spirit of an Indian), refuses to give the information to his former employer, saying: "It is not for you to know. You are greedy. . . ." Later on a workman offers to accompany an engineer in exploring a mine. The engineer brings up the question of wages, and the laborer answers proudly: "Money, boss, money! I was earning forty-five pesos a day in Los Tocayos. . . . Don't offer to pay me. I came because I like to work with men . . . men like you."

Castro describes the superstitions with which the rough-hewn and uneducated men of the subterranean quarries compensate for their ignorance and try to explain natural phenomena. When the day's work is done they gather in groups at the camp and tell fantastic stories about devils, witches, mischievous elves, and mysterious signs that those initiated in such matters interpret and respect with timorous veneration.

One might have feared that in adopting prose the poet would allow himself to carry over too many lyricisms from his former mode of expression. But from the beginning he develops his theme with extraordinary sobriety and penetrates his characters' motivations with the skill of a man who fathoms souls, although temptation suddenly overcomes him and his words take on rhythm and cadence. This adds to the quality of his style rather than giving it the appearance of an unbalanced hybrid. In the chapter entitled "Ecepa . . . qué fue!" (the measured cry of the miners that accompanies the blow of the sledge hammer on the drill boring into the rock) Castro applies this leitmotiv to the sharp anguish of a man undergoing mental torture because of the revealing confession of a friend. The effect has tremendous impact. The author seems to establish a parallel between the suffering of a man whose feelings have been deeply hurt and the trembling of a stone that gives up its riches only when rent by a blow.

Llampo de Sangre is only the first of the posthumous works of Oscar Castro, as he left a number of other unpublished novels that his wife is gradually bringing out. There is no reason to fear that they will be inferior to this one. The poet has proved himself an expert novelist, as he makes his characters come alive with vigorous strokes, maintains a pace that holds the interest of the reader, and describes the crude mining life realistically enough to give the impression that he is writing from personal experience.—*Lillian L. de Tagle*

LLAMPO DE SANGRE, by Oscar Castro. Santiago, Chile, Editorial del Pacifico S.A., 1950. 236 p.

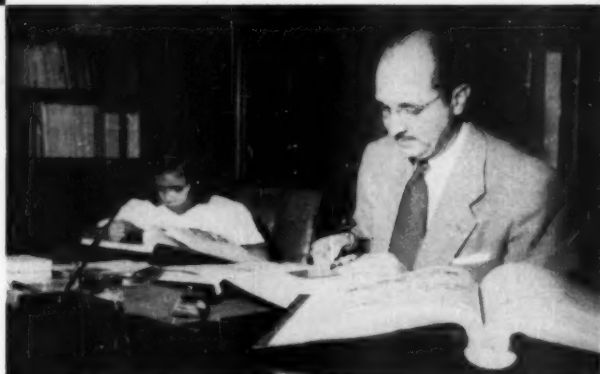
EMBASSY ROW



Doctor turned diplomat, OAS Ambassador Luis Francisco Thomen of The Dominican Republic holds degrees from Tulane, Johns Hopkins, and Santo Domingo, has been a delegate to many international public health meetings. In his spare time he collects old Caribbean maps.



Mrs. Thomen, who holds a Bachelor of Science degree, likes to paint and sew, often makes dresses for her only child, blue-eyed (like her mother), dark-haired Maria Consuelo.



Stamp-collecting is their hobby. Seven-year-old Maria Consuelo attends Holy Cross School, is as much at ease in English as in Spanish. Like her father, she loves to swim, preferably in the sea.

The Thomens live next door to the chancery in an imposing Sixteenth-Street mansion surrounded by spacious gardens. Their pet is Bobby, a collie the Ambassador claims is "beautiful but lazy."

CURTAIN TIME IN CHILE

(Continued from page 19)

Theater. When it is on tour, another comedy group, under the guidance of Lucho Córdoba, Olvido Leguía, and their staff, takes over at the Empire. Last year this troupe toured Peru.

The changed outlook of Santiago's impresarios is also reflected in the small professional theaters. Miguel Frank's Teatro de L'Atelier has a cosmopolitan repertoire including French plays by Jean Paul Sartre, Jean Cocteau, Gilbert Sauvageon, Jean Anouilh, Pierre Daireiller and Jacques Gredy; British productions by Noel Coward, T. S. Eliot, and G. B. Shaw; and *This Property is Condemned*, by Tennessee Williams of the United States. It also presented an adaptation for the stage of a poem by the celebrated Chilean poet Pablo Neruda.

The Teatro Petit Rex, directed by actor Eduardo Naveda and critic Renato Valenzuela, has staged *Noche de Equinoccio* (Night of the Equinox), by one of Chile's youngest dramatists, Luis Alberto Heiremans. Born in Santiago in 1928, Heiremans first won acclaim in 1950 with a book of short stories, but has been devoting himself in recent months to writing for the theater and helping raise its artistic standards.

A promising movement growing out of the work of the experimental theaters has been flourishing in the provinces. Plays by Jean Paul Sartre, Eugene O'Neill, Jean Cocteau, and Thornton Wilder have been presented in Antofagasta under the direction of René Largo Fariás. Sartre's *Huis Clos* (No Exit) and plays by Anton Chekhov and Jean Jacques Bernard were staged in San Fernando by director Mariano Díaz. In Chillán, a city attuned to any kind of artistic endeavor, Ciro Vargas' vigorous direction of works by Chekhov, O'Neill, de Hall, and Middlemans has enchanted the public. One of the biggest successes scored by the provincial theaters was a spectacular performance in Concepción of T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, with the University of Concepción choirs assisting on the musical end. The careful direction, which won unanimous praise, was supplied by Jorge Elliot García, an expert on the modern English theater who studied drama in London.

Other small theatrical groups have appeared in Santiago, among them the Teatro Zikim of the Israelite Youth, directed by Enrique Gajardo, and the Teatro Naxos, which has had a short but intensive life under the guidance of Tobias Barros of the Teatro de L'Atelier. The Pantomime Theater continues to operate under the able hand of Alejandro Jodorowsky, who also runs a school of pantomime.

The many dramatic clubs organized by students and workmen in various parts of the country are still further proof of the spreading interest in the theater among Chileans. But the most convincing sign is the number of professional writers trying to improve Chilean drama. Writers of the caliber of Santiago del Campo, Enrique Bunster, and Benjamin Morgado—but who are just beginning their careers as playwrights. Two of them, Fernando Cuadra and Camilo Pérez de Arce, seem to have been fed on a classical diet and have chosen subjects



Professional theaters also reflect new trend. Scene from Teatro Petit Rex production of play by André Roussin



Teatro Experimental's revival of *Como en Santiago* (As in Santiago) concerned with man's destiny. Pérez de Arce's *El Cid* reveals imagination and other qualities that can be used to better advantage as he achieves greater mastery of technique. Bunster and Santiago del Campo have shown a preference for fantasies or pirate stories, as in the former's *La Isla de los Bucaneros* and the latter's *Que Vienen los Piratas* (The Pirates Are Coming). The work of Wilfredo Mayorga, who uses rugged methods and plots based on superstition and mystery, bears some similarity to that of the modern U.S. playwrights. In *La Marea* (The Tide) he employed a dual symbolism—Chilean and foreign—reminding one critic of Hamsun and Strindberg. Typical rural characters play a picturesque part in *El Mentiroso* (The Liar), which the author called a "country comedy."

In recent months a number of influences have stood out: O'Neill, still active through his works; Sartre and Camus among the French writers; the new realistic Italian writers like Ugo Betti; and, on a smaller scale, English authors. Bunster and del Campo, the more mature dramatists, follow U.S. or British patterns in weaving their plots, which are either fantastic or pervaded with a feeling of dreaminess or distance.

Today we find the unrelenting output of Chile's prolific novelists, short story writers, and poets matched by frenzied theatrical activity. Gone is the era when creative writers found no incentive to write plays, when amateurs and people with one eye on the box office took over a function that rightfully belonged to men of letters. All this activity will undoubtedly lead to the public's paying more attention to native Chilean drama and to a brighter financial outlook for our playwrights.

LATIN AMERICA AND THE WORLD BANK

(Continued from page 8)

plicated approval and guarantee procedure necessary with the bank funds, and most of this loan was returned unused. Small sums for private enterprises are proving effective elsewhere, however. The bank advanced money to finance Turkish projects through the privately-owned Industrial Development Bank of Turkey, and the Ethiopian Government established a new development bank to administer loans made with world bank funds.

Another side of its activities the bank considers vital is technical assistance to member countries on development and fiscal policies. One form of this aid on a large scale began with the mission led by Dr. Lauchlin Currie

to make a comprehensive survey of the Colombian economy and assess its possibilities (see "Colombian Blueprint," January 1950 *AMERICAS* and "Colombia's Five-Year Plan," July 1951 issue). International Bank President Eugene R. Black recently described these direct and indirect results of the mission's work: "A series of measures have been adopted which have succeeded in checking inflation and stabilizing the peso. The functions and powers of the Central Bank have been modified so as to enable it to exercise more effective control over monetary policy. Foreign trade has been liberalized with import licensing eliminated. The system of exchange rates has been overhauled. A far-reaching program has been undertaken to solve the country's serious transportation problem. It provides not only for improved highways but also for a reorganization of the railway system and of civil aviation ground facilities and communications; in each of these fields, the bank is providing continuing assistance. And a National Board of Economic Planning has been established which, with the aid of an economic adviser nominated by the bank, is serving as a focal point for the coordination of the country's whole development effort."

The loans for Colombian power development were under consideration before the mission's report, but they fit in well with its plan, and the highway program, because of its obvious urgency, was started even before final recommendations were drawn up. In some matters, to be sure, the report's suggestions were ignored—such as construction of a steel plant despite the mission's opinion that it would be too costly, and certain decisions on the railroad program.

A similar large mission led by the late Francis Adams Truslow went to Cuba in 1950, publishing its findings and recommendations in a massive 1,052-page volume available from the bank. It made urgent recommendations on reorganizing the railroads, road repair and construction, overhauling government and non-government pension funds, encouraging agricultural and industrial research, and providing more water for the city of Santiago. Other suggestions on government policies and reforms and on industry and agriculture pinpointed these aims: to make Cuba less dependent on sugar, not by curtailing sugar production but by promoting additional activities; to expand existing and create new industries producing sugar by-products or using sugar as a raw material, making the sugar industry less precarious; to vigorously promote non-sugar exports, such as minerals and crude and processed foodstuffs; and to produce locally a wide range of foodstuffs, raw materials, and consumer goods that are now imported.

A survey mission to Guatemala, headed by Dr. George E. Britnell of the University of Saskatchewan, called on an OAS agency, the Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences, to handle the agricultural side of the investigation. Dr. Ralph H. Allee, director of the Institute, and his colleagues, Drs. Julio Morales and Albert O. Rhoad, served as mission members. They advised stepping up coffee production to provide funds for other projects and resettling residents of over-populated sec-



Workmen spread ballast over one of Colombia's many highways that will be repaired or rebuilt with Bank aid



To lower shipping rates of grain into Peru, International Bank will help improve docking facilities at Callao

tions on the Pacific Coast to lift agricultural production there (which presupposes eliminating the malaria hazard). Bank President Black reported that the new highway between Guatemala City and the Atlantic Coast, given top priority by the survey, is under way. Also in line with mission recommendations, the coffee export tax has been increased and committees have been appointed to advise on hydroelectric potentialities, Atlantic Coast port facilities, and reorganization of nationalized coffee estates. This mission's published report, *The Economic Development of Guatemala*, may also be purchased from the bank. Incidentally, the recently enacted law for expropriation of uncultivated large properties had nothing to do with this program.

In Nicaragua a different technique was employed when, instead of a large mission staying a short time, the bank sent two staff members to spend a full year working directly with local officials on a development program, calling in as needed other experts on agriculture, transportation, banking, and fiscal policy. Even before the bank representatives' report has come off the press, a number of concrete steps have been taken. A National Economic Council to coordinate government development policy is in action; a National Development Institute to promote the growth of agriculture and industry is being organized; a five-year development program has been launched simultaneously with the first general development budget in the country's history; and major changes are under way in fiscal, budgetary, and tariff policies.

The bank has also teamed up with FAO in sending specialized missions to Uruguay and Chile to study means of raising agricultural output.

One proposal that will undoubtedly be discussed at the Mexico City annual meeting, but which would require approval and appropriations by the governments, originated with the U.S. International Development Advisory Board. It would establish an international finance corporation as a bank affiliate with government-subscribed funds, which could encourage development through private enterprise by investing in stocks and making loans without government guarantees, things the bank cannot do.

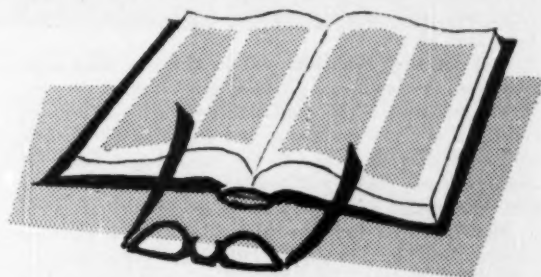
Of special interest to the bank's eighteen Latin American members—Argentina and Haiti have not joined—is the election at this meeting of two new executive directors to represent them in the bank's year-round management. On the Board of Governors all member states are individually represented, and the Mexico City gathering may see some new faces, for West Germany, Japan, and Trans-Jordan have almost completed arrangements to qualify as members.

How safe is the bank by now financially? Its loans are made on a sound business basis, and for the fiscal year ended June 30 it could report a net income of nearly \$16,000,000 and total reserves of over \$85,000,000. It faces the future prepared to do all it can to keep development rolling and make the opportunity to advance in their own way a reality for the free peoples of the world.

AT BEST AN ECHO

(Continued from page 15)

must read a sentence, be sure you have grasped it thoroughly, then ask yourself: "Now, if I were writing this, how would I say it in my own language?"; then put it down as if you yourself had written it in the first place. That is one reason such translations as the "King James" version of the Bible are so successful. Probably a good many English-speaking people would deny that the Bible was not written originally by an English King named James. Any Portuguese-speaking person who ever read H. Rider Haggard's *King Solomon's Mines* in Eça de Queiroz' splendid version would find it hard to believe that the novel was not written in Portuguese. But then Eça de Queiroz was a fine novelist in his own right, and, to quote Mr. M. Paulo Filho, a well-known Brazilian editor, "It is every writer's duty . . . to bring to his own language at least one masterpiece. . . . Portugal's greatest novelist [Eça de Queiroz], so meticulous and patient in his original works, so demanding in his art, having written so many books which brought him glory even in his lifetime, felt nevertheless that without a translation something would be lacking in his immense, tireless literary labor of more than three decades. As a result, he acquired even greater standing by translating Haggard's book into Portuguese." In the United States another novelist, the late Samuel Putnam, also added to his laurels by translating with sensitive skill such masterpieces as Cervantes' *Don Quixote* and Gilberto Freyre's *The Masters and the Slaves*.



Business depends on translations as much as masterpieces and legal texts. A company anywhere in the world wishing to buy or sell products from a firm in another country must work through a translator. Hollywood needs translators almost as badly as actors, for all its films sent to non-English-speaking countries must carry subtitles or have dialogue "dubbed in." Since most businessmen have become aware of the need for translators, they are now reasonably well remunerated, but it hasn't always been so. According to *The American Foreign Service Journal* of June 1932, a John P. Terend was the official French translator at \$500 a year for the Secretary of Foreign Affairs before the U.S. Constitution was adopted, and in 1789 Isaac Pinto, Spanish translator, complained that he received only 8 pounds, 12 shillings and 4 pence as salary for three years' service.

More recently, a highly technical series of instructions

on how to operate and repair buses had to be translated from English for use in Brazil. The dealer in charge of exporting the buses asked a bilingual friend whether he would translate the book. After careful thought, the friend said: "Yes, but for no less than \$1,200." The businessman was aghast. Twelve hundred dollars for a simple little job of translating one hundred-odd pages? His friend suggested that he contact one of the better-known language-teaching schools, which he did. The school in question said yes, they would undertake the translation—for \$3,000.

ISLAND ADVENTURE

(Continued from page 12)

Something wakened me during the night. A variety of squeaks, rustles and scrabbling about sounded from the thatched roof and the rafters. Other small, rapid feet scurried across the packed earth floor just below me. Most of the sounds could be charged off to rats or mice, but one gentle, sinuous rustle about six feet long, directly over my head, defied identification except at cost of peace of mind. I resolutely left it nameless and went back to sleep. Later, a light touch on my face awakened me. Barely audible wings fluttered in the blackness, and the gentlest of air currents fanned my cheek. Vampires! I stiffened with horror and pulled the edges of the hammock together over my face and bare arms. The dreadful thought of those little beasts, some of which are infected with rabies, kept me from sleeping for a long time, during which the whispering wings came and went, brushing the hammock in their search for human blood.

Next day Dom Francisco rode in with four other men. Gone was the faultlessly groomed gentleman of the city. In his place rode a gay, mud-spattered man with trousers rolled up and two prehensile toes clutching the stirrups. Barefoot he leaped to the ground and made his muddy rounds, greeting all the ranch hands affectionately with handshakes and embraces. A special embrace went to Mr. Paixão, a 104-year-old retired cowboy who had worked for Dom Francisco's father and grandfather.

At the round-up and cattle tally next morning, Dom Francisco worked as hard as any cowboy, cutting out cows and calves, lassoing young bulls from horseback, jumping down to pull a recalcitrant animal off balance by the tail while the cowboys threw her to the ground to have her ear notched with the Pacoval brand.

Dom Francisco reassured me heartily about the vampires. "Bats, yes, thousands of bats, but no vampires." That night I slept in peace.

The following day I set off on my crocodile hunt. Shepherded by Dom Francisco's friend, tall, striking José Júlio Marques Bezerra, I headed for Laranjeiras. This ranch boasted a two-story house standing on a mound and kitchen midden built by the mysterious pre-Columbian *marajoaras*, who left a wealth of beautiful, sophisticated pottery, but no records and no traditions or race-memories. Like the other houses of Marajó, Laranjeiras was innocent of paint. Zé (nickname for

José) Júlio rounded up two crocodile-hunting cowboys and sent them off to bring the saurians to the doorstep. "First we will get your pictures right here where it's convenient and comfortable. Then, so you can speak with authority, we will go hunting them ourselves."

Next morning I noticed Zé Júlio rubbing at his arm. He showed me two small blue punctures on the inside of his elbow, where the artery passes close to the skin. "Vampires," he said briefly.

By mid-morning the crocodile hunters returned, towing four reluctant dragons, two middle-sized and the other two somewhat larger, about nine feet long. The men were apologetic at their failure to bring in a monster, but hoped these would do. The jacarés were herded into a shallow, land-locked pool and a boy set to watch them. Through lunch Zé Júlio and I planned the shots that would make my picture story. With the expertise of a movie director Zé Júlio had the hunters lasso the crocodiles time after time, throw harpoons from the dugouts, wade among the reptiles to stir them up. He himself went barefoot to within inches of the sullen creatures, dragging them about by the tails, poking them with a stick and otherwise fermenting action. The crocodiles would not cooperate. Lassoed, they lay almost without moving. Dragged by the tail, they lashed briefly once, and balefully eyed the nearest bare ankle. Poked, they moved sluggishly to avoid the stick.

"These jacarés are impossible," exclaimed Zé Júlio after two sweaty hours. "Let's go farther inland and get some really big ones with life in them." He looked at the sun. "If we go right now we can reach a ranch owned by my uncle by dark. We can sleep there until midnight and then leave with Raimundo here in a dugout for the igarapé where the monsters live. I guarantee you a bigger jacaré than these!"

We saddled up. The air grew more stifling as we rode away from the coast. Gradually the land diminished and the water increased. About sunset we came to a small wooden building perched on a relatively dry spot beside an igarapé. I had no mosquito net, so Zé Júlio hung our hammocks doubled-decked beneath his sweeping mosquito canopy. "You'll be glad you're under there," he promised. Soon after dark the mosquitoes came in an almost solid mass. Everyone dived under his net and lay talking while the tiny invaders searched painstakingly over the nets for a hole that would admit them. Suddenly a chorus of howls and screams rent the night. "The mosquitoes have found the dogs," one of the men explained. "It's like that every night." Shrieking in torment, the dogs rushed back and forth in the darkness, driven half insane by the insects.

Rubbing ourselves liberally with repellent, Zé Júlio and I rolled out at midnight. Raimundo was waiting with the dugout. Quickly we glided out into open water away from the mosquitoes. Occasionally Raimundo let the tiny canoe drift silently. Then he gave a gulping grunt that echoed across the water. When he got an answer he slowly swept the water with a flashlight beam. Picking up the twin red reflectors of a crocodile's eyes in the distance, he poled the canoe toward them without



Crocodile-hunting cowboy Zé Júlio sips coconut milk before starting out on chase



Not sure whether he has a crocodile, islander cautiously pulls in harpoon line



Best photo ever taken of small, defenseless crocodile being caught by large, powerful man



Marajó's little girls don't mind playing with crocs—if they're dead, or tied up



Bronco busting. Forty seconds after picture was taken, rider was sitting in mud



Cowboy and his horse take time out to dream at the end of a rugged day

splash or sound. Almost within harpoon range, the eyes vanished. Raimundo took up the search again. Once he flung the harpoon and missed. The fleeing croc bumped the dugout, which rocked alarmingly. On the next cast Raimundo got his jacaré. I expected a fury of snapping jaws and water lashed to foam by the saurian's powerful tail. Instead, there was only Raimundo's low-voiced comment: "Got him!" Slowly, he drew in his harpoon, and the unresisting crocodile came with it alongside the dugout. Raimundo probed the water with the light. "He's just a little one," he reported dolefully.

"Well, let's take him aboard, anyhow," said Zé Júlio. "We can throw him out when we get a bigger one." This was my first inkling that the crocodile was to ride in the dugout with us. "Now sit very still," Zé Júlio cautioned me. "Sometimes they fight."

I sat like a graven image. Zé Júlio dropped a loop of cord around the crocodile's snout and pulled it tight as Raimundo, at the other end of the canoe, secured his tail. The creature heaved and writhed a bit as he was dragged over the gunwale. Working swiftly in the dark, the two men shoved the reptile beneath the center seat (my seat) of the dugout, tied head and tail to the seats in bow and stern, and imperturbably went looking for another victim. The crocodile was barely six feet

long. But the canoe was no more than nine feet in length and two feet abeam at its widest. The jacaré filled the whole bottom of the craft. Our freeboard diminished to two inches. The only place for my bare feet was on the reptile's horny back, and his periodic upheavals gave me some nasty moments.

I dozed as we slid on through the night. We got no more crocodiles. Zé Júlio slept. As dawn lighted the sky I saw the erect silhouette of Raimundo in the bow, harpoon in hand. We went ashore at a waterside ranch owned by another of Zé Júlio's relatives, got breakfast, unloaded the crocodile, recruited two more hunters and another dugout, and set forth again. Until early afternoon we scouted among the beds of water hyacinths, jabbed the harpoons beneath overhanging banks, poked in the dense underwater grasses without reaping more than a few majestic water-swirls made by escaping jacarés.

We went back to our tethered six-footer and tried to coax him into registering unbridled saurian rage for the camera. To depict a croc leaping from the water at a man in a dugout, we tied a light rope under his armpits and dropped him in the water beside the canoe. Raimundo, holding the harpoon line to camouflage the rope, heaved mightily, and the crocodile rose into the

air h a seething of water. I shot this thrilling scene several times, both in black-and-white and color.

We had done our best. Zé Júlio and I borrowed fresh horses and set out for Alegre. Several days later I returned to Soure, delivered some letters that had been entrusted to me, and set about looking for transportation to Belém. A big canoa, the *Cidade de Soure*, was due to sail within an hour on the turning tide.

The *Cidade de Soure*, bright with paint, clean, and well-kept, was bigger than the *Santa Clara*. I stowed my camera case below at once. But this time the Amazon was disposed to be friendly. An hour or so after we cast off a full moon came up and rode glowing among the small bits of wind-driven cloud. The big main sail, bellying white against the dark blue sky, lifted the boat along at a clip that left a foaming wake glittering behind us in the moonlight. Over the murmur of the wind in the rigging one could hear the small, companionable creakings of a sailing vessel under way. Other sailboats crossed our course at intervals, gliding past in the enchanted silence, each leaving its own moon-gilded path behind for a little way before the river smoothed it out again.

All night I sat alone on deck and watched the sails, the moon, and the Amazon. I had been on the island only ten days, but when I stepped ashore in Belém at dawn, it seemed another planet.

I had my pictures developed after returning to the States. My major production, of Raimundo and the little six-footer, was the best picture I ever saw of a small, defenseless crocodile being snatched bodily out of the water by a large, powerful man.

A BRAZILIAN IN DIXIE

(Continued from page 31)

of these, Tillotson College, I met Professor Oakley T. Johnson, from the University of Michigan, who came to teach here, as he had previously at Dillard, specifically to show through action rather than words the strength of the mixed system.

As a matter of fact, I had already seen something of the kind in New Orleans—Xavier University, run for colored students by an order of white nuns. In Nashville, Tennessee, talking with Professor Harvey Branscomb, Chancellor of Vanderbilt University (and, incidentally, very well known in Brazil), he said: "You may have noticed the relative poverty of Negro universities as opposed to the white ones. But we are convinced that discrimination is doomed and its disappearance is just a question of time."

"How much time?" I asked. His answer was not as positive as his previous assertion.

Nashville was my last stop. Vanderbilt University is almost a hundred years old, was founded by Cornelius Vanderbilt soon after the Civil War in an attempt to "make up" with the South. For Brazilians, the most interesting thing about this great center of learning is the Institute for Brazilian Studies, the only one on a

U.S. campus. For five years a small group of experts on Brazilian affairs has been devoting itself to this task. The Carnegie Foundation grant to this Institute as well as to five other Southern universities for the expansion of their Latin American studies has just expired. The dean told me that even if it isn't renewed, the University won't discontinue the courses, for there has always been an adequate though small number of students. The main thing is not the number of students but the quality and persistence of the teaching. Professor T. Lynn Smith taught there for a year. Now we can depend on its director, Professor Reynold Carlson, who is a specialist on Brazilian economic subjects, plus enthusiastic Alexander Marchant. Marchant, born in the Larangeiras section of Rio (we found we were neighbors in our childhood), has a special fondness for things Brazilian; he showed this in his book *From Barter to Slavery* and in the volume *Brazil: Portrait of Half a Continent*, edited in collaboration with Lynn Smith, and containing various Brazilian and U.S. contributions. Other professors at the Institute are the Brazilian Emilio Willems (anthropology), who formerly taught in São Paulo at the Escola Livre de Sociologia e Política, and Earl W. Thomas (Brazilian literature).

Across the street from Vanderbilt University is the famous Peabody College, whose architecture is also styled after Jefferson's drawings for the University of Virginia. Peabody is famed for its summer sessions, attended at times by more than 10,000 women, for although it is coeducational, it is mainly a women's teachers college. The students camp in tents on the quadrangle in front of the central rotunda. The many Brazilian and Spanish American girls who have been there share the nostalgia of all U.S. alumnae for their schools.

Fisk University, one of the best known Negro universities in the country, is now headed by a Negro sociologist, Professor Charles S. Johnson, who refused a post at Harvard so as not to let down his race. Fisk has one of the best schools of medicine in the country. But its graduates face the same old problem of professional limitations based on race.

When I said goodbye to the Southern universities, I concluded that this group reflects three specific characteristics: the South's extraordinary economic, political, and cultural resurgence; close ties with Latin America; and an attempt to resolve the problem of racial discrimination. The future of Southern universities is bound up with these three problems. For now, they are admirable examples of general vitality, intellectual honesty, and lovely surroundings.

Answers to Quiz on page 35

1. Mexico City
2. Buenos Aires
3. Guatemala
4. Quebracho
5. Straw hat
6. Cartagena
7. Charlotte Amalie
8. Lake Nicaragua, Nicaragua
9. The sugar cane harvest
10. Colorado

I REMEMBER MERIDA

(Continued from page 23)

teenth century, he had produced the first opera in Mérida.) Still another permanent place in our hall of fame belongs to the teacher, doctor, and comedian Adolfo Briceño Picón who, with the help of his young companions, staged his own play, *El Tirano Aguirre* (The Tyrant Aguirre), taking one of the parts himself. Another old timer was Bishop Antonio Ramón Silva, historian and producer of comedies, who, with the patience of a monk, made a complete cardboard model of the Milan Cathedral. He helped with the comedies and operettas put on by the boys of the Colegio Santo Tomás de Aquino in the theater he built, like a Renaissance prince, in his own episcopal palace.

It would be unfair to leave out Emilio Maldonado, professor of higher mathematics and cosmography. An astronomer, he showed his students how to follow the stars in the silence of night with a telescope. My childhood memories embrace grade school teachers like Dolores de Almarza, Dorlissa Guerra Campo-Elias (granddaughter of the hero), and Emilia Depuy, who introduced us to Latin. The fat, Rabelaisian don Rafael Antonio Godoy also opened new horizons for us. Yet absorbed as we were in his classes, we could always hear a servant of the nearby convent offering delicacies made by the nuns: lemon, orange, and guava preserves; cheesecake; a confection called *cabello de ángel* (angel's hair) made from a kind of pumpkin; and candied figs and peaches, shiny as jewels and pressed into various shapes.

In December there were the delicious fruit and meat pastries called *hallacas*. I also remember the *pesebres* or *crèches*, with their little figures of myrrhlike resin, picturing for a child all the incidents in the Biblical story and even some of the familiar city people—the painters, the Bohemian philosophers, the good printers, who liked to drink and always had a joke on the tip of their tongues. Mérida had its Baudelarian poets like Raúl Chuecos Picón, burned by the fire of the local alcohol and dreaming of far-away, impossible places, of a fairytale Paris. Then there was artist Jesús Lamus, who carved small figures of saints and virgins and was also a writer. He used to amuse the boys around town when he left the seclusion of his home for his late afternoon walks, enlivened by cheap liquor that put a keen edge on his wit. A few drinks were always helpful in warding off Mérida's mountain chill.

Mérida State has many climates, stretching from the cold heights, where the solitary cactus-like *frailejón* grows, to the hot ravine of Estánquez and the lands sloping down to Lake Maracaibo, with various levels in between. Its four rivers—the Chama, the Mucujún, the Milla, and the Albarregas—water the soil and make it fertile. Coffee plantations perfume the banks, sugar cane waves in the nearby fields, and golden wheat glistens on the mountainsides. Like its coffee and tobacco, Mérida's brown sugar is still some of the best produced anywhere. Red wines have been made on a small scale from the region's tiny grapes, and a few silk articles are the result



Neat farms hemmed with stone walls climb mountains around Mérida

of silkworm-raising; both are industries needing further development. Mérida has apple orchards, orange groves, indigo and medicinal plants, and a wide range of other vegetation, depending on the climate and altitude.

According to the old chroniclers, during the colonial period Mérida wheat, flour, and ham were exported to other sections of Venezuela and to the nearest Caribbean islands. Today we need immigrants willing to help turn out more wheat and other crops. We should also lower freight rates and improve the roads, as more interstate commerce can help diversify our agriculture and find ready markets within the country.

The fishing is good in Mérida's rivers and mountain lakes, and many of the rivers are excellent sources of water power. Small industries already started could be expanded, and better highways could bring in droves of tourists to enjoy the beauties of the area and search out the archeological secrets of the Andean chain that linked so many ancient American civilizations.

The Andes also hold a variety of mineral wealth. Silica and silicates, ochre, mica, talc, marble, alabaster, coal, copper—even gold, some say—are waiting to be mined. With such potential riches, Venezuelan capitalists should not forget their social function. The adventure of a reasonable risk, the gamble of a distant project, call for courageous men with a sense of national responsibility; they have no appeal for the diffident tribe, the nomad, the man who runs away from duty, who uses rights and privileges only for his own benefit. Capital and labor have a civic duty, a social obligation, and full cooperation between them is essential.

To make the most of all that has been accomplished in the past, all Venezuelans must work together, always thinking of the country as a growing unit. Our great writer Manuel Díaz Rodríguez expressed the idea in words as perfect as the creations of Cellini: "... all the various elements were finally forged into a strong and unified country, from the sea that encircles its forehead like a crown to the jungle that perfumes its feet in the South, and from the gold buried in the soil of Guayana that fooled us once to the better gold of the tassels that gleam in the mountain sun. The Andes, shining with snow and light beneath the heraldic flight of condors, eternally watch over and recall, as if teaching a lesson of constancy, firmness, and dignity, the trail blazed ... across America and the world by the heroic action of the first Venezuelans."

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

LEARNING A LANGUAGE

Dear Sirs:

In the July 1952 Spanish edition, I noted with interest an article dealing with aural-oral teaching methods at Georgetown University and other educational institutions ["Teaching With Tape," June English edition]. Here at Arizona we have launched on a modest scale a program dedicated to the same general ends, and we are trying to build up a library on the subject, particularly from the classroom point of view. . . . Since my personal acquaintance with the magazine dates back only two years, we could have missed valuable collateral reading material. Will you please let me know what else you have published? Incidentally, in our classes AMERICAS has played an ever more provocative role in encouraging students to expand their horizons. . . . We think you deserve much credit for presenting information in appetizing forms.

Keith B. Aubrey
Tucson, Arizona

"Teaching With Tape" is the first article AMERICAS has published on teaching with electronics. Cornell University, as well as Georgetown University's Institute of Languages and Linguistics, uses this system extensively. For collateral reading, Reader Aubrey might find the following articles useful:

- "How to Speak English to Foreigners," April 1949
- "Bilingual from the Cradle," February 1950
- "Spanish Is Their Hobby," March 1950
- "New Words or Old?" August 1951
- "Watch Your Language," October 1951
- "The World in a Classroom," February 1952

WANTED: BOOK PLATES

Dear Sirs:

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San Francisco 51
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Dear Sirs:

This is to notify your readers about our new international correspondence club called "Pan America," founded to bring the young people of the continent closer together in the simplest, most logical way—through correspondence. A non-profit organization, we want to make our services available to everyone and would appreciate it if AMERICAS would publicize our invitation to all the young citizens of the American nations to write us for help in finding pen pals in other countries.

Luis Enrique Jiménez Dávalos, Pres.
Club Internacional de Correspondencia,
"Pan America"
Independencia 15
Matanzas, Cuba

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service should specify whether they want letters in English, Spanish, Portuguese, or French. Here the language is indicated by an initial after the name.

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Charles G. Ewald
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Santa Monica, California

Juan O. Oller (S)
Poste Restante Central
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Alejandro Lavand (S)
Mariscal López y Yegros No. 274
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Frieda Wangenheim
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Buenos Aires, Argentina

Martín Armada Zaldúa (E, P, and S)
Dr. Lucio 111
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L. Lasisi
Standard Bank Limited
Oshogbo, South Nigeria
British West Africa

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Opposite: Colonial Santa Tereza Fortress is part of a national park in northeastern Uruguay



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